

# The Sketch

No. 871.—Vol. LXVII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1909.

SIXPENCE.

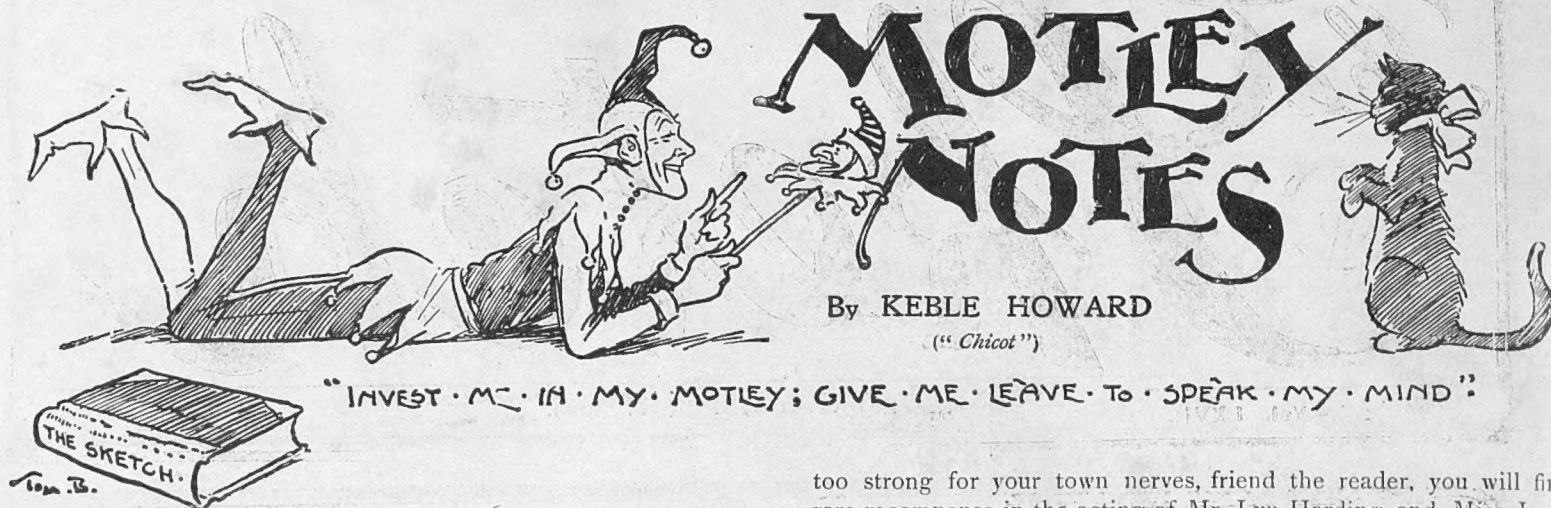


READY FOR HIS LATEST ENTERPRISE: MR. LEWIS WALLER AS SIR WALTER RALEGH IN "SIR WALTER RALEGH."

Mr. Lewis Waller is giving Mr. William Devereux's new romantic drama a trial at Birmingham this week, playing the name-part himself. The work is due at the Lyric on Tuesday, the 12th. In the cast are, amongst others, and in addition to Mr. Waller, Miss Winifred Emery as Queen Elizabeth, Miss Dorothy Dix as Anne Charnock, and Miss Lillian Braithwaite as Elizabeth Throgmorton; Mr. A. E. George as John Ballard, Mr. C. W. Somerset as Don Mernardino de Mendoza, and Mr. Shiel Barry as Francis Throgmorton.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.*





**My One Sin.** A few years ago my Editor suggested to me, politely yet firmly, that I should stick to general topics in these Notes and leave theatrical matters alone. There was no gainsaying the reasonableness of the instruction. He pointed out to me that a large portion of this Journal was already devoted to the theatres; to say nothing of the fact that I was inclined to poach upon the preserves of my brilliant colleague, "E. F. S." Meekly, as is my wont, I bowed my head and submitted to his wise ruling. I think you will agree with me that, on the whole, I have been very good and obedient. Given a table, a pen, ink, paper, and a quiet room, it is not so easy as you might suppose to ignore the chief passion of your life. Once only, as far as I remember, have I dared to express an opinion on a play. "The Passing of the Third-Floor Back" got the better of my self-control. Despite many warnings, I had insisted on going to see it. I had been told that it was tedious, preachy—even absurd. I was warned that I should be bored to death. Luckily for me, my admiration for the art of Mr. Forbes Robertson was stronger than my dread of boredom. I came away full of enthusiasm for a piece nobly conceived, sincerely written, and brilliantly acted. I advised you to go and see it, friend the reader, and I fancy that you paid me the compliment of taking my advice. This by way of preface.

**Contrite, but  
Helpless.**

To-day I am irresistibly impelled—yes, Sir, irresistibly—to speak of another play. The name of it is "Mid-Channel," the author Sir Arthur Pinero, and the theatre at which it is being played the St. James's. Heaven knows how many times I was told not to waste an evening on it! "All the characters are unpleasant," they said. "It ends with a suicide. We can't imagine why Pinero wrote it. Evidently, Alexander doesn't think much of it; he isn't playing in it himself." For all that, I went. As is my wont, I paid half-a-crown, and sat in the pit. One feels free, under these conditions, to approve or disapprove (inaudibly), to walk out, or see the play to the end. Let me say at once that I would not have missed "Mid-Channel" even though Mr. Alexander had seen fit to raise the price of the pit-seats to a guinea. It would be faint praise to say that it is the best play running in London; besides, I have not seen half the plays running in London. But this much I will state: "Mid-Channel," but for two flaws, to which I will return directly, is the finest play that Pinero has yet written, and certainly the greatest piece of stage-work, in the fullest sense of the term, that I have ever seen in my life. For years we have called him our leading dramatist; with this play I believe he enters upon a new and greater phase of his career.

**Things that Must  
Be Said.**

The two weak spots in the play, if I may venture to criticise so tremendous a work, are the end of the first act and the end of the fourth. The quarrel between the husband and wife at the end of the first act jars; it seems to me too gusty, too sudden to be convincing. The air was still sweet with the scene of reconciliation; I could not believe that two grown-up people would humble themselves for no particular reason. And the suicide at the end of the fourth act is a weakness—a concession to the popular belief that all plays and all stories must have a definite ending. Having burnt his boats so far as commercial success went—for Sir Arthur knew well enough, be very sure, that this was not everybody's meat—he might as well have been consistent enough to let Zoe drift away, all alone, into the wide world. With these exceptions, the thing is a beautiful, flawless work of a supreme master. Even if the play is

too strong for your town nerves, friend the reader, you will find rare recompense in the acting of Mr. Lyn Harding and Miss Irene Vanbrugh. Miss Vanbrugh did a wonderful thing. She came on to the stage almost immediately after the curtain rose. The house was "cold," the audience not yet attuned. Immediately, Miss Vanbrugh gave one that thrill which nobody can describe, but which everybody who is susceptible to the art of acting knows. From that moment she held us in the hollow of her hand. Mr. Lyn Harding had to wait until the third act for his triumph. Then, with the subtle change from the man who is so bored that he wants to be drunk to the man who is so proud that he wants to be sober, he proved himself, once again, an actor of the very first rank.

**I Have Done.**

Why Mr. Alexander did not play Peter Mottram, obviously written for him, I do not understand. The play certainly suffers enormously by his absence. In saying this I have no desire to disparage Mr. Lowne, who takes Mr. Alexander's place. Everybody knows how amusing Mr. Lowne can be in farce or light comedy. But Peter Mottram is not a farcical character. He is the *raisonneur* of an intensely serious play. Upon his dignity, his command, the whole *charm* of the play depends. People have complained that "Mid-Channel" has plenty of strength, but no charm. This is where Mr. Alexander is missed. For all that, go and see it. If you are not held, if you do not find it absorbingly interesting, if you do not take off your hat to Pinero, never listen to me again.

**All the Jolly  
Fun.**

Well, well! October is here, London is itself again, and the little oasis called Bohemia, which interests me most, is quick with jovial happenings of all sorts. The Savage Club has entered upon yet another series of its world-famous "House Dinners." The well-known, well-loved room was filled to overflowing last Saturday night, with that engaging Mostyn Pigott, the busiest idler in London, in the chair. The evening before that, the Whitefriars, in the name of Literature, laid benedictory hands on the much-bephoto-graphed head of Lieutenant Shackleton. On the same night, Frank Reynolds, R.I., the terror of the dude and an old friend of *Sketch* readers, presided for the first time over the cheery orgies of the London Sketch Club. "A Bright Outlook" was one of the subjects for the two-hour sketch, and I congratulate the little club with all my heart upon the appropriateness of the title. The announcement upon the card that I like best, though, perhaps on account of its suggestive simplicity, is this—

"Dec. 17—Xmas Supper at 7.30—No Work."

Do not say that life is empty, friend the reader, so long as a Christmas Supper at the London Sketch Club is still in store for you.

**The Head Boy.**

For the rest, it is good to have M. Blériot's assurance that aviation is an easy matter for all. M. Blériot's latest pupil, one of my daily papers tells me, is a certain Molon. If aviation is an easy matter for all, it should be mere child's play to a pupil under the charge of M. Blériot, who wallopped across the Channel that Sunday. As a matter of fact, Molon is getting on very nicely. Listen: "Molon had made only three turns when we saw his apparatus swerve suddenly, the left wing almost touching the ground. To recover his balance he leaned over to the right. He had only made another half-turn when he collided with one of the barriers, aviator and airship falling to the ground with a crash." Of course, we could not all expect to master the machine as quickly as that, because M. Blériot would not have time to give personal attention to everybody. But as soon as one of Molon's pupils has a moment to spare—



# A PANCAKE, NOT AN ORANGE: LADY BLOUNT'S PROOF THAT THE WORLD IS FLAT.

A MAP OF THE FLAT EARTH.

LADY BLOUNT.

A MAP OF THE FLAT EARTH.

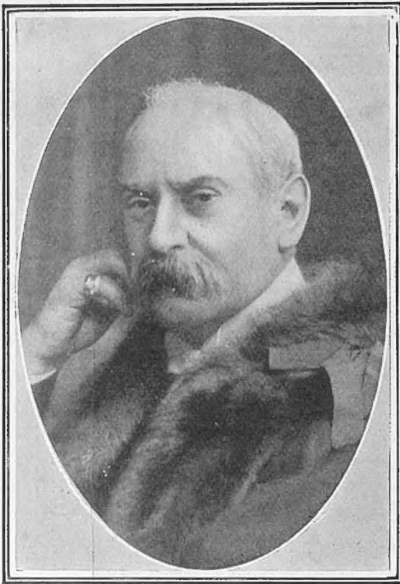


WHY, ACCORDING TO THE ZETETICS, NEITHER PEARY NOR COOK CAN HAVE DISCOVERED THE NORTH POLE: A PHOTOGRAPH THAT IS SUPPOSED TO PROVE THE BELIEF THAT THE WORLD IS NOT A GLOBE.

Lady Blount and the members of the Zetetic Society in general hold it to be impossible for either Commander Peary or Dr. Cook to have discovered the North Pole, believing that the earth is flat—a pancake, instead of the familiar orange of our school days—and therefore without either a North Pole or a South Pole, in the general sense of the term, to discover. This photograph, according to Lady Blount, proves the accuracy of her belief. Here is the argument: "We give above a production of the photograph taken on the Bedford Level. The two white dots (—seen to the left of the + and below it) represent the screen and its reflection in the water below it—near Bedford Bridge. . . . Dallmeyer's latest pattern Photo-Telescopic Camera was used for the experiment. It was placed in position less than two feet above the canal-level by an expert operator. . . . The important question: 'Can a photo be taken six miles distant under such circumstances?' could not be decided on the Wednesday, but after Lady Blount stepped on to the platform, at the Institute Hall, Shanklin, Isle of Wight . . . on Thursday evening, one of the telegrams handed to her . . . announced that the screen was visible in the photo. . . . If the world be a globe having a circumference of 25,000 miles, the bottom of the screen should have been nearly twenty feet below the line of vision in the six-miles view. As the whole of the screen and its reflection in the water beneath were observed and photographed, no curvature can possibly exist."—[Photograph courteously lent by Lady Blount.]



## CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA: NEWS ILLUSTRATED.



**QUESTIONED ON RELIGIOUS MATTERS BEFORE BEING ELECTED: SIR JOHN KNILL, THE NEXT LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.** Sir John is a Roman Catholic, and before he was elected Lord Mayor of London for 1909-10 several questions as to his attitude towards religious matters were put to him by Protestant Liverymen. These he answered in a manner most satisfactory to all, and was elected unanimously. He was born in 1856, and is a member of the firm of John Knill and Co., Fresh Wharf.

*Photograph by London Stereoscopic Company*



**TO MARRY MR. ROBERT V. HARCOURT, M.P. FOR MONT-ROSE BURGHS: MISS MARGERY CUNARD, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO MR. LEWIS HARCOURT'S HALF-BROTHER IS ANNOUNCED.**

At the moment of writing, the engagement has not been officially announced. Miss Cunard is the only daughter of Mr. William Cunard, and granddaughter of Sir Samuel Cunard, Bart., founder of the world-famous line of steamships that bears his name. Miss Cunard is as popular as she is pretty, which is saying a great deal. It is understood that the wedding will take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, before the end of the year, but this at present is but rumour.

*Photograph by Rita Martin.*



**TO MARRY MISS MARGERY CUNARD, GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE FOUNDER OF THE CUNARD LINE: MR. ROBERT V. HARCOURT, M.P.**

Mr. Robert Harcourt comes of a family made famous in politics by his father, the late Sir William Harcourt, and apparently destined to be made more famous still by himself, and by his half-brother, Mr. Lewis Harcourt. Through his mother, Mr. Harcourt is a grandson of J. L. Motley, of "Dutch Republic" fame.

*Photograph by Lafayette.*



**A VIEW THAT IS FORBIDDEN THE AVIATORS WHO WILL FLY AT BLACKPOOL: THE TOWN SEEN FROM THE TOWER.**

A prize was offered for the first aviator who should fly round Blackpool Tower, a flight that would have caused him to see this view below him. It was thought, however, that if any mishap should occur over an area so crowded with houses it would be particularly bad; therefore the project was abandoned. The Blackpool flying week is to begin on the 18th.—[Photograph by Hal'fones.]



**THE FLYING-MAN'S COMPASS: AN INGENIOUS COMBINATION OF THE SUNDIAL AND THE MARINER'S COMPASS.**

This invention, known as "the shadow-plate," is fixed to the forward part of the upper plane of the flying-machine, close to the aeronaut. Its dial is of celluloid. The light, passing through this, throws a shadow from a small pin in the centre. Thus the flying man will be able to direct his flying-machine by means of shadows. The photograph shows how the "shadow-plate" is mounted.—[Photograph by L. E. A.]



**"FEEDING BY FORCE"—THE PALEY METHOD.**

The feeding by "force" of certain imprisoned Suffragettes who refused to eat (thus hoping to gain freedom) has aroused much controversy and a great deal of interest, to say nothing of questions in the House. Our photographs illustrate the two best-known methods adopted by doctors to nourish patients who will not, or cannot, eat. In the first case, the Paley method is being used; in the second, food is being given by the stomach-pump. The former is said to be preferable to the latter, and is simpler.—[Photographs by Topical.]



**"FEEDING BY FORCE"—THE STOMACH-PUMP METHOD.**



# IN WEDDING GARMENTS! EDELWEISS AND MARRIAGE AT THE SAVOY.

A SCENE AND SOME CHARACTERS FROM "THE MOUNTAINEERS."



2



3



4

1. THE WEDDING OF CLARICE AND FRITZ; THE BRIDE AND HER FATHER, PIERRE, ABOUT TO ENTER THE CHURCH.

2. MISS JESSIE ROSE AS ANNETTE, A VILLAGE COQUETTE.

3. MR. C. H. WORKMAN AS THE CHIEF CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICIAL.

4. MISS ELSIE SPAIN AS CLARICE, THE VILLAGE BEAUTY.

Clarice is loved by Fritz, a hardy mountaineer, and by Conrad, a somewhat finicking townsman. The townsman is a person of means, and his gift of diamonds causes Clarice to flirt with him. The villager is poor. Forced to decide between the two, Clarice says that she will be wooed and won in the village manner—that is to say, the rivals must set out into the mountains, and the first who brings back edelweiss shall be accepted. Both men go out. Fritz finds Conrad dying in the snow. For the moment he would pass him by; then his better instincts prevail, and he carries him to safety. Conrad is able to repay this action on the day of the wedding of Fritz and Clarice. War has been declared, and Fritz is ordered to the front. Conrad thereupon offers himself as substitute, and goes off to the wars in his former rival's place.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.



**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**

Proprietor and Manager, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.  
EVENINGS at 8.15, **FALSE GODS**, translated by J. B. Fagan from "La Foi,"  
by Brieux. Music by Saint-Saëns. **MATINEE EVERY WED. and SAT. at 2.15.**

**GAIETY THEATRE.**—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.  
EVERY EVENING at 8. A Musical Play, **OUR MISS GIBBS.**  
**MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.** Box-office open daily 10 till 10.

**GARRICK.** MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER  
and MISS ETHEL IRVING.  
Every Evening at 8.30. **MAKING A GENTLEMAN.** By Alfred Sutro.  
**MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.**

**NEW THEATRE.** THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.  
EVENINGS at 8. **MATINEE Weds. and Sats. at 3.** MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH,  
MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS. At 8.30., Mats. 2.30., **THE DEPUTY SHERIFF.**

**SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.** THE ARCADIAN.  
EVERY EVENING at 8. **MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.**

**WYNDHAM'S.**—Evenings, at 9, **THE BEST PEOPLE.**  
At 8.15, "A Boy's Proposal." **MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 3.**

**LYCEUM THEATRE.**

EVERY EVENING at 8.  
**MATINEES WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.30.**  
THE PROUD PRINCE.

A Poetical and Romantic Drama by  
JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY.

Box-office, 10 to 10.

Telephones, 7617/8/9 Gerrard (3 lines).

**EMPIRE.** Mlle. LYDIA KYASHT Première Danseuse  
in "ROUND THE WORLD." ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.  
DAN, the Drunken Dog, and Selected Varieties.  
EVENINGS at 8. Manager, MR. H. J. HITCHINS.

**LEAMINGTON SPA.** REGENT HOTEL. Premier Hotel  
of Midlands. Ideal for Autumn. Centre of beautiful and historic country. Enlarged and  
re-modelled. Large stables and garage. Moderate Terms. Telephone 0659 and 109 Leamington.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—IMPERIAL HOTEL, formerly Acorn Hotel,  
Temple Street. 100 BEDROOMS. Three Minutes' Walk from both Railway Stations.  
GARAGE. Passenger Lift. Night Porter. Telegrams: "Acorn" or "Imperial," Birmingham.

**DUBLIN HOTEL METROPOLE, SACKVILLE STREET**  
(next General Post Office). Convenient for Railways, Steamers, and Amusements. The  
most Modern and Luxurious. Passenger Lift. Electric Light. Sanitation officially certified. High-  
class Restaurant attached. Moderate Tariff. Descriptive matter on application to the Manager.

**WESTGATE-  
ON-SEA.****ST. MILDRED'S  
HOTEL.**

UNEQUALLED POSITION FACING SEA.  
STANDS IN ITS OWN GROUNDS OF OVER AN ACRE.  
Entirely redecorated throughout. Magnificent Lounge.  
THE ONLY HOTEL IN WESTGATE WITH ELECTRIC  
LIGHT AND SYSTEM OF HEATING.  
SPECIAL TERMS FOR LENGTHENED STAY DURING  
THE WINTER MONTHS AND FOR GOLFERS.  
ELECTRIC LIFT. Telegrams: "St. Mildred's," Westgate.  
Telephone: 0196 Westgate. E. B. ALEXANDER, Proprietor.

LONDON'S LATEST RENDEZVOUS.

**COVENTRY RESTAURANT AND GRILL ROOM,**  
RUPERT STREET, COVENTRY STREET, W.

SPECIALITY: OLD ENGLISH DISHES AND FRENCH CUISINE AT MODERATE  
PRICES. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC.

THIS RESTAURANT, being on the Ground Floor, in the midst of Theatreland, is unique,  
and should be a great attraction to the theatre-going public. Telephone: 6269 Gerrard.

**ACTION PHOTOGRAPHS OF CHILDREN.**

No more charming record of children can be made than by photographs of them taken  
in a fraction of a second showing them walking, running, and playing—perfectly natural and  
without any stiffness or posing. Write for terms and specimens to the leading newspaper  
photographers, HALFTONES LIMITED, 17, FLEET STREET, E.C.

**THE NEW CARD GAMES!!!**

"INTERNATIONAL" POKER-PATIENCE. By JACKPOT. RULES, 6d.  
"INTERNATIONAL" PROGRESSIVE POKER-PATIENCE RULES, 6d.  
"INTERNATIONAL" POKER-PATIENCE SCORERS, 3d., 4d., and 6d.  
"INTERNATIONAL" SETS, 2/-, 2/6, 3/6, 4/6, 7/6, 10/6, and 14/6.  
"GEM" POKER-PATIENCE BOARDS, 2/6 and 3/-.  
Strongest and Best. Refuse Substitutes. Insist on "International."  
International Card Co., 2, Bury St., E.C.

**COUPON TICKET.**

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

**OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd.,**  
36 to 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within fourteen days  
to the above address.)

**INSURANCE TICKET.**

(Applicable to Passenger Trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal repre-  
sentative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary  
ticket-bearing passenger, and who at the time of such accident had upon his person, or had left  
at home, this ticket, attached or detached, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or  
pencil, on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person  
injured should death result from such accident within ninety days thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the  
benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee  
Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under  
Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said  
Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the  
same risk.

October 6, 1909.

Signature.....

**THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.**

EVELEIGH NASH.  
**Chetwynd's Career.** Horace Wyndham.  
6s.  
**In the Days of the Georges.** W. B. Boul-  
ton. 15s. net.

WHITE.  
**The Ivory Box.** John Strange Winter. 6s.  
GREENING.  
**Her Suburban Highness.** Gurner Gillman.  
6s.

WARD, LOCK  
**Deep Waters.** Marie Connor Leighton. 6s.  
HODDER AND STOUGHTON.

**Reynolds.** A. L. Baldry. 5s. net.  
DUCKWORTH.

**The Merry Past.** Ralph Nevill. 12s. 6d.  
net.

GRANT RICHARDS.  
**The Tragedy of Nan, and Other Plays.**  
John Masefield. 3s. 6d. net.  
Sam. Norman Roe. 6d.

FISHER UNWIN.  
**Anne Veronica.** H. G. Wells. 6s.

STANLEY PAUL.  
**Billicks.** A. St. John Adcock. 2s. 6d. net.  
SMITH, ELDER.

**In Kedar's Tents.** Henry Seton Merriman.  
2s. net.

A. L. HUMPHREYS.  
**Masques and Phases.** Robert Ross. 5s.  
net.

DRANE.  
**The Premier and the Suffragette.** Napier  
Hawke. 1s. net.

THE

**ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,**

OCTOBER 9.

**CHURCH RELICS; & SOUTH POLE RELICS.****THE HELL-FIRE CLUB.****SHOT WITHOUT BULLETS.****MOTORING THROUGH A SIX-MILE AVENUE  
OF TORCH-BEARERS.**

THE

**ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,**

OCTOBER 9.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

**SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."**

*Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to  
the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to  
return rejected contributions to their senders, but the  
Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental  
loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts,  
drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.*

*Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full  
name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches  
of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on  
each photograph or drawing.*

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH." PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.**

INLAND. CANADA.  
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d. Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 11s. 6d.  
Six Months, 14s. (or including Christmas Number), 15s. 3d. Six Months, 15s. 2d. (or with Christmas Number), 16s. 4d.  
Three Months, 7s. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 3d. Three Months, 7s. 7d. (or with Christmas Number),  
8s. 9d.

ELSEWHERE ABROAD.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2. Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number)  
Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 15s. 11s. 3d.

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union  
of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the  
East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.



# BRUMMELL

## IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

### A Bust of Theatres.

Like most Englishmen and all Londoners, I don't go to the theatre because I want to, but simply because I want to do something else and can't. That's the spirit in which all of us who speculate ten shillings and sixpence on an evening show, knowin' that it's eight to one on our bein' bored speechless, go to the theatre. So insular, so encouragin' to the theatres, so characteristic of the most un-Latin lot of blighters on the map—what? But, after all said and done, there's something to be said for us for havin' got into the habit of takin' the theatre as we take other little charitable acts—as seldom as possible. It's like this, d'y'see. Here, in London, theatres are in the hands of perhaps a dozen amiable, vain, human creatures of both sexes, of not very high intelligence, and no knowledge of what the majority of Londoners want to see. Follow that? I mean that they are consumed with the belief that Londoners want to see them, and only them, and that a mere thing like a play don't count a hang. Are you with me? What's the consequence? Well, look round at things as they are at this moment. We are asked to go into the wilds of Shaftesbury Avenue to see, when we get there—havin' bolted food and cut coffee and cigar—a drug-sodden, sagged-faced Frenchwoman in a perpetual condition of suppressed hysteria, who, after act upon act of utterly sham stuff, takes half-an-hour to die. Well, bless us all very much, d'y'see, that don't constitute what might be called a magnetic evenin', does it?

"An Epoch-Makin' Play." Then there's another piece at another theatre tucked away in a corner of Clubland, and a very charmin' theatre it is, too, quite charmin'. You say to yourself, "Ah, a new thing here by Sir Something Thing," and every paper you take up for a day or two contains columns of stuff no intelligent creature thinks of reading about it; but from the snippets in other parts of the paper not given over to letters from seaside egotists, and cables from Cook, you gather that it is a great work, an' epoch-makin' contribution to the history of the English stage, and hot things of that sort. Although you've had some of these epoch-makin' contributions before, you gather yourself together in a patriotic way, play martyr with dinner and again cut coffee and cigar—epoch-makin' contributions invariably put people to great personal inconvenience—and off you trot, hoping against hope. What, I ask you, do you find? A sparkling comedy, stimulat' to the

There bein' nothin' to do after dinner, and nobody about, I've been doin' a bust of theatres.

imagination, an intellectual tonic, somethin' that compensates for the outlay of ten shillings and sixpence and a shilling bookin' fee, and makes one glad to have missed coffee and cigar and the comfortable club chair? Oh, bless me, no! This is England. This theatre is an English theatre in London. This play is written by the first English dramatist for a celebrated leading lady. It isn't, therefore, put on to attract the public. That wouldn't be dignified. The public mustn't be attracted, d'y'see. That isn't the policy of English theatres. It is an epoch-makin' play, a contribution to the history of the English stage. Therefore it is demanded of you to spend an evenin' of positive torture, listenin' to the coarse wranglin' of a set of absolute outsiders, not to see whom all decent-minded people would willingly pay, not ten shillings and sixpence and a shilling bookin' fee, but ten pounds ten shillings and sixpence.

Aged Me Is it, I  
Horribly. ask you,  
any won-

der that English people only go to the theatre under compulsion? Is it a matter of any surprise

that, as a race, we regard the theatre out of the corners of our eyes, and if we want to be temporarily uncomfortable, go to music-halls instead? I think not. I think that the people who run theatres have only themselves to blame.

For one thing, they try and force us to like what we don't want; and, for another, no eloquence, no argument, no statistics will persuade them that the British Public is not an ass. They say to themselves, in the fuggy, regal recesses of their managerial dens, "We're not here to give 'em what they want to see; but what we want 'em to see"; and we say in reply, not singly, but in battalions, "You're hopelessly out of it, dear creatures. We'll go to see, and pay to see, just precisely what we want to see, and nothing else. Why won't you be sensible and realise the truth?" I've heard it said, again and again, that the French are a theatre-going race. Well, of course! French managers and French dramatists are equally bright and clever persons. They run French theatres for French people. Their one aim in life is to give the French public clever, amusing things, not dull, heavy, stodgy, cruel, hopelessly depressing puddings, that are the cause of universal dyspepsia. That's the difference. I assure you that my bust of playgoin' did me more harm than good. I went to a couple of theatres running, and they have both aged me horribly. I'm not the man I was. It'll take me a couple of weeks to get over them, and make me jolly shy of goin' near a theatre again for a considerable number of weeks. Do you follow me?



WIFE OF THE ONE: MRS. PEARY, WIFE OF COMMANDER PEARY (WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE DISCOVERED THE NORTH POLE) AND MISS PEARY.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.



WIFE OF THE OTHER: MRS. COOK, WITH DR. F. A. COOK, WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE DISCOVERED THE NORTH POLE.

We need hardly say that the controversy as to the claims of Commander Peary and Dr. Cook to have discovered the North Pole continues. Much is said and much is written about the rivals. Meantime the world in general awaits the proofs of both.

Photograph by Sears





# THE CLUBMAN

## The Shadow of an Election.

The coming General Election is throwing its shadow before it, and the worst bore of all, the bore political, is waking from his chrysalis state, and is beginning to talk authoritatively. He is the man who buttonholes one in the hall of one's club and reels off as much as he can remember of a leading article in a paper expressing the opinions of one side or the other, quite oblivious of the fact that one has had a full dose of politics with one's morning papers, and that a man is expected in a social club not to treat politics or religion as a subject for discussion. If I did not feel it my duty to remain in England and record my vote for someone or another, I would go for the next three or four months to Monte Carlo or Marino, or some other happy place where there are no politics.

**Political Bores.** The man who takes it for granted that you must be an opponent in politics is just as great a bore as the man who cannot imagine that you could be of any party but the one he professes to support, and therefore dins into one's ears all the platitudes of which one is sick and tired long before the day when one is put to the inconvenience of driving to a cold and draughty school-room to make a cross against the name of the candidate one dislikes least of the several men who are anxious, for reasons of their own, to add M.P. to their name.

**The Lady Politician.** But if, with a General Election looming in the distance, I mistrust all squires and parsons, all men of the people, and all idle men with sound lungs, I am times of all capable women. A capable man, nine times out of ten, has some business or occupation which prevents him from giving more than a very small amount of time to politics, but a capable woman simply wallows in them. I have suffered many things during election times at the hands of political ladies. I have been asked down into the country to a house which is usually calm and peaceful, and where the cook is an artist, and have arrived to find that my hostess and a friend of her own sex were in the garden trying to browbeat a contumacious gardener into giving his vote for their candidate; and the butler, with a sigh, has told me that there will be no dinner, but tea and poached eggs at half-past six, because

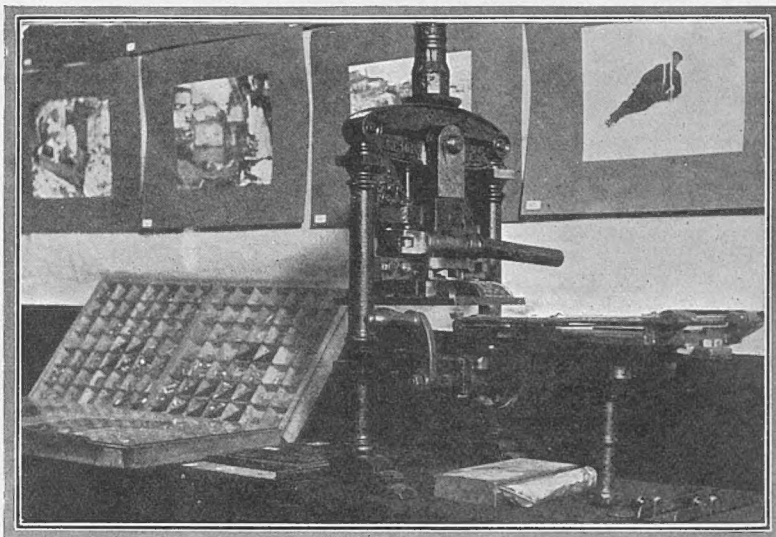
the ladies are going to attend the political meeting in the village.

**A Village Meeting.** One of these village political meetings remains stamped on my mind with especial vividness. I had been told that I should get no dinner. I had also been told that the election

in that particular constituency would be fought on local questions, and that the attitude of the drain-pipe makers—I think the drain-pipe makers were the working-men who had to be conciliated at any price—was very doubtful; and I was introduced to a red-faced man with side-whiskers, who was to be the principal speaker, and who, having been a drain-pipe maker before he took to politics as a profession, was expected to influence the votes of those of his ex-comrades who resided in the village. About mid-afternoon my host announced that he had to go into the county town to meet the commissioners of something or another, and that he could not possibly get back before half-past eight. "But you," he said, "I am sure will do all that is needful at the meeting, in my place." I

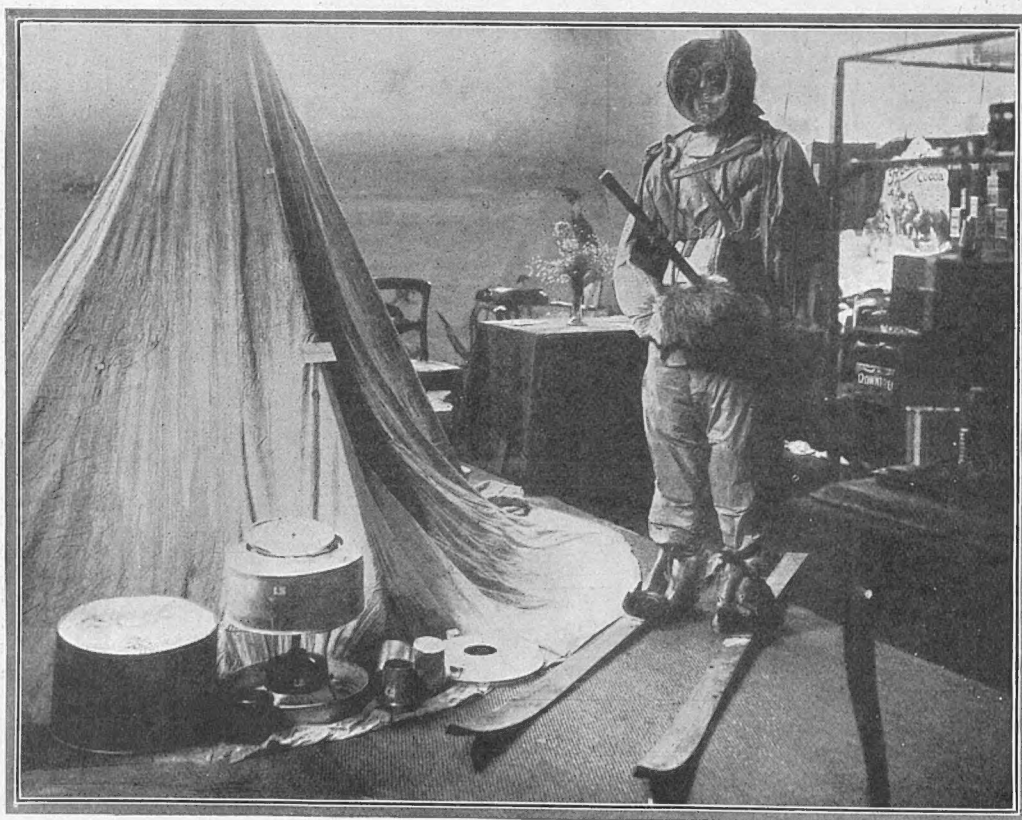
drove down to the meeting and the red-faced man—the red-faced man on the back seat, I on the front one—and as we drove my hostess said to me, "You will have to introduce the special speaker. Don't be long over it; but make some witty remarks and just touch on the local questions. 'What are the local questions?' I asked in a state of blank despair. 'Oh, about the light railway and the right to dig clay in Bolton Marsh; but here we are!'" answered my hostess, as we pulled up at the door of the school. It was

the usual meeting; all the women and children qualifying for Christmas doles were tightly packed in the centre of the room; the drain-pipe makers were at the back, and it was quite evident that some of them had visited the village public-house on their way. I remembered morsels of a speech I had made the week before at a Masonic gathering, and spoke as much of that as I could, interlarding it with non-committal references to Bolton Marsh and the railway. The only happy moments I had that evening were when the intoxicated drain-pipe makers refused to allow the red-faced man to speak, shouting at him, "How much do yer get paid, Jem, to come here and tell lies to us?"



WORKED BY THE COOLEST JOURNALISTS ON EARTH: THE PRINTING-PRESS OF THE SHACKLETON ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

This printing-press, used in the Far South, is one of the numerous exhibits in the Examination Hall of the Royal College of Surgeons, near the Savoy and five minutes from Temple Pier, where the "Nimrod" is stationed just now.—[Photograph by Graphic Photo. Union.]



AN EXPLORER WHOSE DOINGS ARE NOT QUESTIONED: THE FURTHEST SOUTH IN THE EXAMINATION HALL IN THE COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

This exhibit stands in the Examination Hall, before a tableau which shows seals, skuas, and penguins. The figure wears a costume similar to that worn by Lieutenant Shackleton on his great march. By its side is a tent, with cooking utensils and so on.—[Photograph by World's Graphic Press.]



## FOR THOSE WHO DO NOT BLÉRIOT!

AN EXTRAORDINARY PASTE-UP "PHOTOGRAPH."

FROM FRANCE TO ENGLAND WITHOUT LEAVING THEIR MOTOR-CAR: AN AUTOMOBILE ABOARD  
A CHANNEL STEAMER.

Those who have not yet learned to imitate M. Blériot and fly across the Channel in gnat-like aeroplane have still to content themselves with a Channel steamer. Some of them, however, have found a new and ingenious method of crossing La Manche, and securing, as it were, a private deck cabin in which bridge can be played. Briefly, these very modern people ride in their car straight from the roads of France over a special gangway on to the deck of the steamer, remain in their car during the passage, play bridge if so inclined, and land again, still in the car, by means of a special gangway. Our "photograph," although it illustrates an actual incident, is a thing of shreds and patches, a most ingenious picture made up of parts of many pictures pasted together.



# SMALL TALK



MRS. PIERS DUTTON (FORMERLY MISS MURIEL WINGFIELD), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (TUESDAY).

Mrs. Piers Dutton is a daughter of the late Mr. Edward Rhys Wingfield, of Barrington Park. Her father was in the 60th Rifles, and several of her brothers are soldiers.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

Cardigan's more exalted friends. "In my time," observed a lady whose years are not far from matching Lady Cardigan's, "it was not supposed to be etiquette to repeat confidential expressions of royal opinion." "And in my time," added a second, who remembers that her own good looks flourished not long after the full bloom of Lady Cardigan's, "it was not etiquette to publish the names of the men who proposed to one."

## A Pack of Cardigans.

With those who have wondered not so much at the violation of that very changeable goddess styled Good Form, but at the number of Lady Cardigan's suitors, it must be argued that her charms were great. Even those who have seen her only in recent years, escorted on her walks round and about the squares of Mayfair by her blue-ribboned dogs, are not surprised to read the catalogue of eight suitors in her book of memoirs. "I do believe she has forgotten several," was the commentary of one reader; "was there not —?" but perhaps it is as well not to stir the drowsy portions of a memory that has already served its owner

only too well. And of course the legend that each blue ribbon that led captive her dogs stood for a rejected Knight of the Garter was an invention of the enemy.

## Duke and Duke's Son.

The Duke of Buccleuch has not escaped the rod. Like his peers, he must have his whipping, whether it is because his subscription to a football club is withdrawn or because the last Duke extracted, after lengthy and tiresome proceedings, heavy compensation because his private approach to the Thames was shut off and his garden ruined at Montague House by the formation of the Embankment.

It has been freely stated that the Duke received one hundred and fifty thousand pounds in this connection, the fact being that the sum paid in compensation hardly exceeded eight thousand pounds. Yet his present Grace can still afford to be generous if it be true that he has given his estates of Barnwell and Boughton to his son, Lord Dalkeith. That is the sort of generosity which is quite out of favour with the Chancellor. The death-duties on Boughton would, of course, be considerable, if only by reason of the timber planted there by John the Planter, as one Duke of Buccleuch was called. His hobby might prove an expensive one to his descendants if the property chanced to be often ordinarily inherited in this Lloyd-Georgian era.



MR. GUY WRIGHTSON, ELDEST SON OF SIR THOMAS WRIGHTSON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS GWENDOLIN NEAME WILL TAKE PLACE TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY).

Photograph by Beresford.



## TO MARRY MR. GUY WRIGHTSON: MISS GWENDOLIN NEAME.

A wedding fixed for to-day, at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, may be called a union of North and South, for it is the marriage of the eldest son of Sir Thomas and Lady Wrightson, of Neasham Hall, Darlington, to Miss Gwendolin Neame, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Neame, of the well-known Kentish family. Mr. Wrightson, who was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, has always taken an interest in his father's political career. Sir Thomas is the leading spirit in the great firm of Head, Wrightson and Co., bridge-builders, of Stockton.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.



MR. PIERS DUTTON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS MURIEL WINGFIELD TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (TUESDAY) AT GREAT BARRINGTON.

Mr. Piers Dutton is the son of Colonel the Hon. Charles Dutton, and a nephew of Lord Sherborne. The Wingfields are closely related to the house of which Lord Powerscourt is the head.—[Photo. by Kate Pragnell.]



THE HON. MRS. GURNEY (FORMERLY THE HON. CONSTANCE LINDLEY), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY.

The Hon. Constance Lindley, whose marriage to Major Cecil Gurney, of the Norfolk Regiment, was fixed for yesterday (October 5), is the youngest child of Lord Lindley, the great lawyer who was formerly Master of the Rolls, and then became a Lord of Appeal. It is curious that Lord Lindley's children seem to have been attracted for the most part by other careers than that of the law, to which only Mr. Walter Lindley took, and he has become a County Court Judge.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



MISS AMY DUCKETT, WHO IS TO MARRY MAJOR LOUIS PHILLPOTTS. Miss Duckett is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Duckett, of Russellstown Park, Carlow.

Photograph by Lafayette.



MRS. RONALD GREIG (FORMERLY MISS MARY CLUTTERBUCK) WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (TUESDAY).

A wedding fixed for yesterday was that of Miss Mary Hope Letitia Clutterbuck, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clutterbuck, of Hardenhuish Park, Chippenham, to Captain Ronald Greig, D.S.O., R.E., eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel B. R. Greig, R.A. The bridegroom, who is a grandson of the late Sir J. D. Sibbald Scott, of Dunninald, greatly distinguished himself in the South African War, where he was severely wounded and won his D.S.O.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



MAJOR LOUIS PHILLPOTTS, D.S.O., WHO IS TO MARRY MISS AMY DUCKETT.

Major Phillpotts served in the Boer War, and won the D.S.O., and a medal with three clasps.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



INCOME, 7s. 7d. A MINUTE: THE RICHEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.



LEFT £20,000,000 IN A 95-WORD WILL: MRS. EDWARD H. HARRIMAN.

Mrs. E. H. Harriman, widow of the great Railway King who died the other day, has now taken the place of Mrs. Russell Sage as the richest woman in the world. It is estimated that the amount of money left to his wife by Mr. Harriman is £20,000,000. Mrs. Hetty Green owns £8,000,000, and Mrs. Russell Sage and Mrs. Frederick C. Penfield £16,000,000 a-piece. Could Mrs. Harriman get five per cent. for her money, her income would amount to 7s. 7d. a minute. Mrs. Harriman, whose marriage took place in 1873, was Miss Mary Averell, daughter of Mr. W. J. Averell, the banker of Rochester. She is about sixty years of age.





WIFE OF A GREAT SURGEON:  
MRS. BLAND SUTTON.

Mrs. Bland Sutton has a most wonderful Persian Court at her house in Brook Street, and there she often gives entertainments with a decided literary tinge in aid of the Children's Happy Evenings Association. Of this admirable society she was (as Miss Edith Heather-Bigg) before her marriage one of the moving spirits, and the recent extension of the work is chiefly due to her unwearied efforts.

Photograph by Bassano.

dolph Slatin compared many notes in the matter of adventures), Commander Cunningham Graham (with a daughter who won all hearts), Mrs. Rowley Hill and Miss Maud Hill. The parties at Balmoral are now made all the pleasanter for the relaxation of all Court formality. It was a different scene in the days when Lady Lyttelton, a Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria, wrote from Windsor: "In the evening I forgot my work, so had to sit trying to settle whether Colonel Cavendish, Sir Robert Otway, Lord Uxbridge, or Lord Torrington looked most ugly and ungentlemanlike in the hideous livery—blue plain coat and plain turned-down scarlet collar."

*A Diana of the Chase.* Lady Cole, who is so well known in the hunting-field, comes of the famous family of Miller-Mundy, of Derbyshire, whose traditional good looks have certainly not been denied her, and she is thus a near relative of the new Lady Annesley. Her marriage to the future Earl of Enniskillen took place a couple of years ago. When Lord and Lady Cole arrived at Florence Court, County Fermanagh, after the honeymoon, there were great rejoicings and presentations.

Exactly two hundred years before, in 1707, one of Lord Cole's ancestors married Florence, daughter of Sir Bourchier Wrey, and it is from that lady that the family seat obtains its name.

#### Spooks at Renishaw.

Sir George Sitwell, who has been telling a story of spooks at Renishaw, his country place near Chesterfield, is a man of many interests and great versatility. He has been Conservative member for Scarborough, but is now understood to have joined the Liberals. Physically, he is very like Lord

Althorp. He is an all-round sportsman, a scholarly antiquary, the owner of a private printing-press, and a connoisseur in art and gardening. Sir George once captured a bogus "spirit" at a séance in London.

#### Lady Ida Sitwell.

Lady Ida Sitwell, who actually saw one of the ghosts, is a sister of Lord Londesborough. She was magnificently painted by Sargent in a group including her husband and children. The great American artist admirably depicted her stately height, her pale, clear complexion, and perfect oval face. Like all the Denisons, she is devoted to country life; she is a splendid horsewoman, and extremely fond of dogs, as well as of golf and cycling.

#### A Society Artist.

Lady Mabel Sowerby, whose sketches of Malta and Sicily were much admired at the joint show which she recently held with the Misses Dorrien-Smith and Miss Montgomerie, is as beautiful as she is clever. She is a little older than her brother, Lord Annesley, who was married the other day; and it is interesting to note that her great-grandfather was Sir Francis Grant, President of the Royal Academy. Lady Mabel came out first in Ireland, where she was much admired, and not many years ago she married Mr. Gerald Sowerby, a naval officer.

#### The Beloved Villain.

The detective of the stage is very taking, and so is the man he is after. At times it seems as if all the wits, and the audience, were with the criminal. When Mr. Du Maurier is the runaway, there is no doubt as to our sympathies, and

## CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS

WITH the King's impending return to town the world will be hastening out of its kilt. Balmoral puts no command in the matter of attire upon its guests, among whom, however, have lately been many Scots proud of their plaid. One unusually large house-party (and a plaid or two amongst them) consisted of Sir Thomas Dick-Lauder, Lord Brougham and Vaux, Sir David Welch, Sir Allen Young (with whom Sir Ru-



THE MARRIAGE OF AN EX-MAYORESS:  
MRS. ARTHUR MAITLAND WARRE.

The wedding of Miss Edith Frances Maude to Dr. Arthur Maitland Warre, which took place the other day, was of particular interest, for, for the first time in the history of the Borough of Eastbourne, the marriage was that of a lady who had been Mayoress.

Photograph by Lafayette.



OF THE FAMOUS FAMILY OF MILLER-MUNDY: LADY COLE.

Photograph by Lillie Charles.



ARTIST—AND SISTER OF LORD ANNESLEY: LADY MABEL SOWERBY.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



TELLER OF SPOOKS: SIR GEORGE SITWELL.

Photograph by Savory.



SEER OF SPOOKS: LADY IDA SITWELL.

Photograph by Bassano.



OUR WONDER-

FUL WORLD!



1. LIKE FRUIT STREWN UPON THE GROUND: WILD WATER-MELONS.

2. LAUGHING JACKASSES AND THEIR PREY: BIRDS WITH A SNAKE THEY HAVE KILLED.

3. WEARER OF A COAT OF MANY CREASES: A FINE TASMANIAN MERINO RAM.

4. GOLDEN FLEECE: A CHAMPION EWE, SHOWING THE GREAT THICKNESS OF ITS WOOL.

5. WOULD THAT IT WERE POSSIBLE IN SUMMER: TAKING A SNOW-BATH IN NORWAY.

6. IDOLS BORNE IN HONOUR OF THE DEAD: STRANGE FIGURES IN A CHINESE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

Of the second of our illustrations, it may be said that laughing jackasses are the greatest enemies of the snake. When the birds catch a snake they fly with it high into the air, and drop it to the ground. This process they continue until the snake is dead. The photograph shows two jackasses proudly sitting by a snake they have just killed. Of No. 5, it is said: "A custom peculiar to Norway (indeed, to one portion of it—namely, the Jotunheim region) is that of the snow-bath. Those who indulge in it describe it as a delightful experience. After a good run on the skis, when the blood is brought to a state of thorough circulation, and the body warm, the bather undresses, and rubs himself all over with snow. The heat of the body rapidly melts the snow, and in the course of a few seconds the bather is covered with water. After vigorous rubbing, which tends for the moment to bring the whole body into a glow, the bather redresses while still feeling the exhilarating effect of the contact of the extremes of heat and cold." Of No. 6, the following description has reached us: "The ostentation common to the rich Chinese is, even in their funeral obsequies, a feature of the people. Such a thing as desire for an unpretentious burial would be abhorrent to the heirs of the deceased, and displeasing to the family gods. The number of pall-bearers is according to the status of the deceased, and commonly is thirty-two in number, or even more. Spirit chairs for the use of the dead Croesus in the future life are borne in the procession; venerated objects for the propitiation of the gods, and idols of hideous appearance are borne, too, on the heads and shoulders of coolies specially hired for this purpose, or members of the household of the deceased."—[Photographs Nos. 5 and 6 by Keystone View Company.]



# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

(By E.F.S. (Monocle))

"The Dollar Princess." Apparently, people take their musical comedy much more seriously in Vienna (the birth-place of "The Dollar Princess") than in England. Mr. Leo Fall, the composer, clearly imagined that he was writing a work on which it was worth while bringing to bear imagination, a gift of charming melody, and a serious conception of

the part which music has to play in the illustration of a story. Such music as he wrote—always interesting, never commonplace, and frequently quite delightful—is worthy of better things than the book of "The Dollar Princess," which appears, no doubt, in something very different from its original form. Captain Basil Hood, in spite of all his cleverness, has not succeeded in keeping quite a firm grip upon the piece. A story, by no means original, of two young people who fall in love by treating each other

elderly amorous spinster of orthodox Savoy type. Mr. Claude Flemming, a fine figure of a man, enjoyed a real triumph, thanks to a rich, strong voice and some sense of acting. Mr. Workman's part of Pierre, the head of the Douane, is not cleverly drawn, and he was but moderately amusing: for this he can hardly be blamed, and, indeed, his singing was very good.

## The Maugham Moralists.

Cap-and-bells seem nowadays to suit Mr. Maugham better than bell and book, and his castigation of Society in "Smith" will not be taken more seriously than his courtship of the pretty parlourmaid by the wealthy gentleman farmer. It is all vastly ingenious and very amusing, but it is no use to ask us to believe that the author is painting real life. He is merely Jericho-ing with Mr. Sutro and Mid-Channelling with Sir Arthur, and working with a diabolical cleverness—though I fancy that in other hands the moralist of the play, brilliantly represented by Mr. Loraine, would have been a bore. Of course, the optics of the theatre demand exaggeration, but not to the extent of rendering the bad people quite as bad as the Dallas-Bakers and Algy, or asking us to accept Miss Marie Löhr as a domestic servant merely because she wears cap and apron, uses a few tactless phrases, and submits to be kissed by the man whom she refuses to marry. In truth, Miss Löhr was delightful and all wrong: she was more like a Belgravian angel than a conceivable member of the servants' hall. Still, regarded uncritically, the scenes between her and Thomas were sufficiently pretty and amusing to satisfy anybody. By-the-bye, although, owing to the personality of Miss Löhr and her avoidance of effort to modify it, Smith was far too refined in manner and speech for her situation, there were touches of character in the part quite needlessly plebeian.

Maugham the moralist seems a little too fond of full-blooded phrases, and we like him better as author of the artificial idyll than as horn-blower outside Jericho, or even when he affects a kind of miracle suggesting the episode of "the painted lady" in Mr. Jerome's morality play. Yet there is Algy, a very amusing specimen of the modern *cicisbeo*, and played superbly by Mr. A. E. Matthews, who has never done anything better, unless it was his Eustace in Hankin's fine comedy. And there were plenty of witty lines maintaining a higher level than in some other works of the author, who has become more keenly self-critical. Miss Kate Cutler gives a very able performance as the pleasure-seeking married woman, who kicks out her "tame robin" when it finds a lawful mate; and Miss Latimer played with some power—and some exaggeration—as "the painted lady," who becomes converted. Miss Lydia Bilbrooke, another of the hedonists, acted very well. Mr. F. Volpé could not make much of the semi-complacent husband, a colourless K.C. On the whole, "Smith" is the best Maugham play since "Lady Frederick"; and, if one cannot commend it as a fine comedy, one can heartily recommend it as a capital, clever entertainment.



LEAD IN "THE DOLLAR PRINCESS" IN AMERICA:  
MISS VALLI VALLI.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

with contemptuous rudeness proceeds for a time upon a moderately rational course; and with this are mixed up a couple of other love-tales of a very casual kind, varied by periodical irruptions of the usual gorgeously gowned chorus; and the dialogue does little to recall the Basil Hood of the past. But, in spite of this, there are some quite delightful scenes. Miss Lily Elsie will repeat her success as the Merry Widow, and shows that she has not only charm and beauty, but a real dramatic power. Much, too, is due to Mr. Robert Michaelis, a young actor with an admirable voice quite excellently used, and a cheerful natural manner; and a clever actress with a distinct personality and a sense of humour has been found in Miss Emmy Wehlen. Mr. Joseph Coyne was very successful; and Mr. W. H. Berry is a valuable comedian who can do wonders with a poor part. Between them these clever players are responsible for an excellent evening's entertainment, and for its music alone "The Dollar Princess" is worthy of a run as long as that of "The Merry Widow."

## Mr. Workman's Venture.

"The Mountaineers" is a real comic opera very rich in good intentions, and it may be that there are enough good things in it to satisfy playgoers. Still, the work of Mr. Reginald Somerville, both as composer and author, is a little disappointing, and the lyrics of Mr. Guy Eden, though very neatly written, show no great amount of humorous invention. The story is honestly treated, and leads to a strong situation at the end of the second act, which does not leave much for the third. The piece has a good deal to recommend it. The chorus is remarkably good, and the finales, in which the best music appears, were rendered admirably. The work is mounted in a fashion that will delight many, and even the new curtain may find admirers: a departure from the crude colouring characteristic of the Savoy would have been welcome to me. Moreover, there is a capital company. Miss Elsie Spain, as the heroine, sings very well music the tessitura of which is often needlessly high, and she acts with some skill. Miss Jessie Rose, the irresistible soubrette, had too short a part: we all wanted more of her vivacious singing and piquant acting. Miss Kate Forster was quite amusing as an



IN "THE GREAT DIVIDE": MISS EDITH  
WYNNE MATTHISON AS RUTH JORDAN.

Photograph by Otto Sarony and Co.



THE FALL OF WOMAN: A DRESS QUESTION AGAIN.



THE WATERFALL HAT: FOAMING FEATHERS FOR THE FAIR.

The fall of modern woman is by no means as bad as it sounds; it is a fall of feathers, a waterfall of plumage, a hat that suggests a mountain torrent. It comes from America; and its introducer is the beautiful Miss Helen Trix.

*Photograph by Bolak.*





By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

### The Stage from Other Stalls.

Our leading dramatist believes that the drama would be quite safe without a Censor; that the public liking the pornographic play would be too small to make it pay. Precedent rather suggests that this might be so, though the grounds for the deduction are slightly different from those taken by Sir Arthur Pinero. In the old, unfettered days we had our shameless plays. Comedy, we are told, was so "ill-bred and saucy" that ladies were kept away, and as a male annalist of the period put it, "the house is filled with our odious sex, and bad smells." Still, there were venturesome ladies even before the New Woman was born. The less daring would remain away from a new play until assured that they might attend without insult

to their modesty. The others braved the first nights, but only in masks. It might be a good thing for Mr. Clarkson and other makers of masks in our day if the Censor were abolished.



ISSUED TO COMMEMORATE THE ACCESSION OF THE NEW EMPEROR OF CHINA: A STAMP SHOWING THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN.

We reproduce a specimen of the new Chinese postage-stamp issued to commemorate the accession of his Majesty Hsuan T'ung to the throne of China. In the centre of the design is the "Temple of Heaven." The stamp is sold in three denominations—2, 3 and 7 cents. It is particularly interesting to note that there is an English inscription on the stamp. A specimen of the stamp was courteously supplied by Messrs. Whitfield, King and Co, Ipswich.

### A Forcible Protest.

Should Mr. Zangwill's plea that politics should be treated on the stage be accepted, Cabinet Ministers will have to be chosen with some regard to physical fitness to resent insult. For we have tried it before—and found the remedy. The old-time actor was a chartered libertine in the matter of political allusions, where he thought his own personal interests safeguarded. One of them tried it on Sir Robert Walpole—and let an antique instance be pardoned. Sir Robert was busy with his Excise Bill, and the actor hit him hard. He kept quiet till

the end of the act. Then he went behind the scenes and saw the offender. "Were those lines referring to me in your part?" he

asked. The delinquent admitted that they were not. Sir Robert made no bones, but broken ones, about it. He up with his cudgel and welked the actor within an inch of his life, and effectively



AVIATION ON THE BRAIN: THE AEROPLANE HAT.

Yet another sign of woman's interest in aviation! This time the aeroplane hat, a creation that hails from Chicago, has been seen in England, and is hourly expected on the Continent.

Photograph by L. E. A.

settled that gag. There are men physically equal, on both sides of the House, to a repetition of the stroke to-day. So perhaps we had better not, Mr. Zangwill. Cudgelled Coyne, pinked Payne, or hashed Hicks would never do for the real thing.

### Haussmannising.

Members of Parliament interested in the Government's Motor Road Bill had a field day last week. Those against the Bill find it Socialistic in principle, which is a highly ingenious bit of reasoning. Those who favour the scheme regret that it does not go sufficiently far. These want to do for England the like of Haussmann's work in France. Well, though we may all admire his skill as an engineer, and his daring as a straightener of crooked ways, they do not make exactly a god of him in France. To "Haussmannise" is in France the term for the reckless destruction of valued and ancient buildings to make way for new streets. It was not his vandalism alone which caused Paris to bid him halt in his hurricane highway-making; the fact is that he had laid upon his fellow-citizens a burden of £35,000,000, and he was dismissed from office as an expensive failure.

### A Bootless Quest.

The Shoreditch Relieving Officer who lost £20 in an old boot which his wife gave away may console himself with the reflection that there have been others worse off. A young couple in the Midlands were sole legatees under the will of an eccentric old lady, who had long lived alone, and died without explicit information as to the whereabouts of her valuables. They sought high and low, but nothing could they find. In a garret they discovered an old chest filled with dirty old corsets, hair-combings, and discoloured bits of paper. Chest and contents were carried into the garden and placed on a bonfire. As he stirred the blaze before all was quite consumed, the man turned over one of the papers, which opened and proved to be a banknote for £100. So was each of the dirty rolls, but all but one or two had been consumed. Too late they sought information of an old servant, who told them that in the aged corsets the eccentric woman had hidden countless diamonds. All had perished in the bonfire which the legatees had kindled.



ICE-SKATES THAT CAN BE USED ON THE ROAD: A CURIOUS TRANSFORMATION.

Our illustration shows that it is easy enough to turn ordinary ice-skates into roller-skates. A hole is drilled through the front part of the blade, and another through the back part. Through these holes are put axles, and on these axles are fixed the wheels. The axles, of course, are firmly fastened to the blade. It is claimed that the transformation having once been made, it can be repeated at any time in a few seconds. The lower skate shown in the illustration is in its usual form as an ice-skate. The upper skate shown is an ice-skate turned into a roller-skate.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



FOWL !



THE BOY: 'Ere's the eggs you ordered for the puddin', Ma'am.

THE COOK: Thank you; just lay them on the table, please.

THE BOY: Excuse me, Ma'am, I ain't a hen; I'm the grocer's boy.

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.





# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



## The Letter that Hid Itself.

Missing properties are often the cause of uncomfortable moments for an actor or actress. Many of these uncomfortable moments circle around letters, and one need not have a vivid imagination to appreciate the feelings of an actor who, having to read a letter on the stage, the words of which he has not learned, opens the envelope and takes out a sheet of blank paper. Scarcely less formidable was the situation in which Miss Dorothy Thomas (who has made so great a success as the heroine of the current Lyceum play) once found herself when playing Isabel Kirk in "Mrs. Goringe's Necklace," at the Criterion. Isabel has to open and read a letter, which she drops in her emotion at the news it contains, and she turns away weeping to a sofa, while the letter is picked up by Captain Mowbray, who reads it aloud, thereby announcing to the audience the death of the young man David by suicide—the situation on which the play finishes. One night, having dropped the letter, and while sobbing forlornly on the sofa, Miss Thomas realised that Mr. Yorke Stephens, who was playing Captain Mowbray, was frenziedly interjecting new lines into his part, evidently trying to fill up some unexpected mishap. Presently he whispered in her ear: "What have you done with the letter? I can't finish the play." Miss Thomas cast a horror-stricken glance round the stage. There was no sign of the missing document. Realising there was no loophole of escape she wailed despairingly: "David's dead," and the curtain came down very abruptly on a new ending to Mr. Davies's play. Immediately a search was made for the letter, and Miss Thomas entered eagerly into it with everybody else. Eventually someone spied a corner of the note peeping coyly from under the hem of the heavy skirt of her dress. Then it was realised that she was sweeping it with her wherever she went. Naturally, she expressed the most profound regrets, and promised it should never happen again. But it did—the very next night.

## The Letter that Was "a Big, Big D."

Among humorous episodes in which a letter figured prominently none is, probably, more humorous than one which happened a good many years ago. The actors concerned were a famous tragedian and an equally famous comedian, both of whom are now dead. The comedian, who was a very slight, small man, had been cast for a series of unimportant parts in the répertoire

he would have an evening off. In this he reckoned without his host. A letter had to be brought on at a crucial situation in the play, and, having no once else available, the manager told the comedian he would have to play it. It was in vain he protested; so he determined on an original rendering of the part. He got a

very tight suit of black clothes from the wardrobe, which made his slight figure still more diminutive, and a pair of boots which were abnormally long and the toes of which had to be padded for some distance so that the boots would remain on his feet. With this costume he adopted a make-up which made his face deadly pale. The effect was grotesque in the extreme. The moment he made his entrance there was a shriek of laughter from the audience. The tragedian looked up at the unaccustomed sound. He saw the comic little figure by the door. The next moment the over long boots began to make their effect. Geflop, geflop, geflop, they went on the bare boards of the stage, as the comedian advanced to the centre. Each sound was the signal for an increased outburst of laughter. At length, the comedian stood by the side of the tragedian and handed the letter on the salver. "Go away, go away!" cried the man of tragedy under his breath. The comedian turned on his heels. Geflop, geflop, geflop went the boots, as the comedian retraced his steps. The audience shrieked more than ever. All of a sudden the tragedian remembered that it was impossible for the play to go on without the letter. "Come back, come back, come back!" he cried. Geflop, geflop, geflop, went the boots, and again the comedian stood by the tragedian's side with the letter on the salver and an imperturbable expression on his face. The tragedian took the letter. "Get off!" he cried. Geflop, geflop, geflop again went the boots, and the comedian made his exit in a blaze of glory. What the tragedian said when the curtain fell on the act need not be recorded here. The comedian, however, was never asked to play that part again.



GENTLEMANLY INTOXICATION: DAN, THE CANINE COMEDIAN WHO IS APPEARING AT THE EMPIRE. Dan, known as "the drunken dog," is appearing in "A Hot Time in Dogville," at the Empire. His imitation of a drunken man causes great amusement, and is grotesquely lifelike, but there is nothing coarse or vulgar about it.



A DOG INDEED! DAN, THE CANINE ACTOR, IS ARRESTED IN DOGVILLE FOR BEING DRUNK AND DISORDERLY.

of plays in which the tragedian had been acting. He could say nothing, for, in accordance with tradition, those parts were always played by the comedian. At length a play was produced in which there was no part for him, and he was congratulating himself that

## Where the Cat's Tail Grew.

In his early days on the stage, Mr. W. H. Berry, now appearing at Daly's, had the management of the entertainments on Yarmouth Pier for some six or seven years. While there, he lived next door to a gentleman who was simply mad on gardening. In the Berry ménage there was a cat which was also fond of gardening—or, rather, of gardens—especially the garden of the next-door neighbour. The enthusiast had given repeated warnings to Mr. Berry that if he caught it "he would cut un's tail off, that he would." To this, Mr. Berry replied that it would take more than that to stop the cat from going gardening. One morning, however, the enthusiast called over the garden wall, "Hie! your darned cat came over last night, but I caught him and cut un's tail off." "All right, Daddy," laughed Mr. Berry. "But that won't stop him: he'll be over again to-morrow night." "Oh, no, he won't!" retorted the old gentleman sarcastically. "I cut it off right up to the neck." Mr. Berry collapsed.



THE ORPHAN!



WHAT IS ONE AMONGST SO MANY?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

## Middle-Aged Books.

There's quite a heap of new books collecting for me in London, reader, whereon to discourse to you when I return—novels, plays, memoirs, what-nots. In particular, I am quite anxious to read Lady Cardigan's "Recollections," for my eagle eye discerns in what I have read of it in a review a fine opportunity for inflicting a good dose of social philosophy on you. Meanwhile I must content my soul with old books, and so, therefore, must you too, so far as I am concerned. It is not a bad thing for us. We read far too many new books, far too few old and better books; especially do we neglect some good books which are not old, but past their first youth, and which we missed when they first came out. For example, being the other day in a place of very few books, I picked up in a sixpenny edition a work called "Sarah Tuldon," by Orme Angus. It was dated 1905, so that the original edition must have been a few years earlier. I confess to my shame—confessing myself unknown—that I knew not Mr. Orme Angus; and had there been some new book I wanted to see—this is the point—lying about I should not have read this one. Then I should have missed a treat, for the first part of "Sarah Tuldon" is quite masterly. It describes a village minx who had a strong force of character, and her proceedings and manoeuvres are delightful: how she discomfited the local libertine—the young squire, of course; and how, when an elderly farmer proposed to her and repented, she literally hunted him down, and by sheer strength of will kept him to his bond—all that is extremely diverting, and with a ring of history in it. The second part, in which Sarah develops into a woman of splendid character and does all sorts of good, pleased me less: I found it too difficult to believe that she who had been really a mercenary hussy, keeping several lovers on her string and getting all she could from them for her kisses, could have developed quite like that; and, anyhow, good deeds are less entertaining than naughty ones, as a rule. But it is a most readable book, and I make my belated compliment to the author. It is a shame that we should miss so many good books merely because we don't happen to see them when they first appear, and it is chiefly the fault of publishers, who, as a general rule, cease from all interest in a book when it has been out a few months. There are hundreds which might be profitably revived after a decade or so—but I weary of teaching these unteachable persons their business.

"Catherine." I have read a better story than "Sarah Tuldon," however, in my leisure from new books, or, rather, re-read it for the *n<sup>th</sup>* time. I suppose that heaps of people who know Thackeray's chief novels pretty well have never read "Catherine." If the reader is one of them he will be glad to have been sent to it, and if he has read it he won't begrudge me a word on it. For "Catherine" is a most remarkable affair; it is one of the most curious instances I know of a

thing being a fine work of art in spite of itself, as it were. Thackeray was a great artist because he was one of the greatest masters of English—*pace* some occasional pretentious critic—because he had a keen eye for character, a wonderful power of imagining or reproducing the right phrases of dialogue; for other reasons too. But he was not a great artist in the arrangement of his effects, and that is a principal business in the short story. Yet "Catherine" might have been one of the finest short stories there is, and might be still if Thackeray would send a message

from the Elysian Fields to authorise me or another to cut out certain passages from it. What happened was this: Thackeray wished to ridicule a fashion for writing about criminals, the Harrison-Ainsworth-Jack-Sheppard business, with a glance at "Oliver Twist" and Fagin and all that. So he went to the "Newgate Chronicle," and selected the murder of Hayes by his wife Catherine, and elaborated the affair with descriptions and dramatic scenes and his knowledge of the period—the Queen Anne period—and so forth, and every now and then put in a paragraph to the effect that he knew the characters were all brutes and ruffians, but that the public wanted that sort of thing, and so he supplied it. But in spite of this inartistic basis and intention, in spite of himself, Thackeray could not help making a fine story of "Catherine," and it is, in fact, as I said, one of the finest short stories I know, bating the irrelevant paragraphs and moralising. There it is—spoiled as it stands, crying out to be put right. Well, nobody can do that without Thackeray's permission, which is not to be had. A grievous pity.

A Life of Thackeray? Talking of Thackeray, I read some-

where or other that somebody or other is going to write a Life of him. It has always been understood that Thackeray expressed a very strong wish that this should not be done; and if this was the case it seems a pity that his wish should be disregarded. There is so little to be gained. The simple biographical facts about him are well known, and there is not

much point in "writing round" them. It is true that Thackeray saw much more of the world than most writers, but the definite events in his life were few, all the same. Perhaps there are letters so far unpublished and now available—I do not know, but if there are, they might be published without a Life tied to them. There are in existence, or were some years ago, some very intimate letters of Thackeray's, which it was rightly decided were too intimate for the public, and I presume these are not in question. Lady Ritchie has told us a good deal of his domestic life. On the whole, I regret the announcement of Thackeray's work is another matter. Mr. Whibley wrote an excellent one some years ago, and there would be no harm in someone else trying his hand—except that we are rather overdone with criticism.

N. O. I.



GALLING FOR PA.

YOUNG HOPEFUL (being initiated into the game of golf, after three strenuous attempts on the part of Pa to hit the ball): What's the little white ball for, father?

DRAWN BY CHARLES LANE VICARY.



'PLANE FARE!



THE GRAND STAND OF THE FUTURE.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LERTE.





## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

### THE MADNESS OF GINGER MCKAY.

By STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.

THE messenger deposited his assegais and blanket at the foot of the big wild fig-tree: then squatted down a couple of yards from the council-place, where the elders of the squalid little Mashona village were warming their hands over some smouldering logs.

N'Jova, the headman, glanced at the new-comer out of the corners of his eyes, and mumbled the words of greeting: "I see thee, O M'Bulerwa."

"I see thee, O my fathers," answered the youngster, as he came forward and took a vacant place in the circle. "There is news," he added impressively.

N'Jova emptied some powdered tobacco into a grimy palm and sniffed it up carefully; then, "What is the news?" he demanded.

"We are to slay all the white men at the full moon!" The messenger swelled with importance, and looked round to note the effects of his words.

Old Chivamba, N'Jova's uncle, shook his head mournfully. "You have come on a fool's errand. The white men have too many guns," he quavered.

The headman, who was fumbling nervously with his snuff-box, turned to the youngster. "What do those who sent you want with me?"

"They want your young men to assemble with their guns at Voudsa's kraal the night before the moon is full."

N'Jova thrust out his hands helplessly. "I have no young men here—at least, very few. Some are at the mines, some are dead of smallpox, and we need the rest to help the women thresh our harvest, which was very late this year. As for guns——"

The messenger leaned forward and whispered a name. "They are his orders. He says it must be done. Moreover, he knows you have ten muskets, as well as the rifle belonging to M'Jimba, the white man who lives here."

"If he says it—well, it must be so," N'Jova sighed heavily, whilst the other old man nodded an unwilling acquiescence, the only open dissentient being Chivamba, who growled.

"He! He is not a real witch-doctor. All the great witch-doctors are dead. Leave it alone, my brothers. The white men have too many guns; and as for our white man here, why should we take his gun? Has he not brought luck to the village?"

Ginger McKay, the white Kaffir of N'Jova's kraal, was dozing in the doorway of his hut, passing the afternoon as he had passed practically every afternoon since he had crawled into the village, dead with fever, two years previously.

"He is mad," the old men had decided. No sane white man would tramp the veldt bootless and in rags, with a Martini rifle as his only possession; and the opinion was confirmed when, having been nursed back to a sort of health by the women, the stranger showed no inclination to leave. "He is mad, but he may bring the village luck," so they built him a hut and gave him a young widow for a wife; and in return he shot them more waterbuck and sable antelope in each month than they had had in a full year before. True, the cartridges he had brought with him were soon finished; but it was not a very difficult matter to get a new supply from the coolie traders, or from the Portuguese territory; moreover M'Jimba, "the mighty hunter," as they named him, seldom wasted a shot.

The village was distinctly proud of its white man; and even when some mine boys, returning from the distant Transvaal, recognised him as the Baas who had shot another Baas in a drunken quarrel at Barberton, N'Jova merely shrugged his shoulders. That was a white man's affair, and nothing to do with the Mashona. All the

people cared about was the fact that the mad stranger had brought luck, good crops, and much meat, and if he were in trouble with his own nation, so much the better; he would be certain to remain in the village.

"We want your rifle, M'Jimba. The young men are going to fight the white men, the other kind of white men, up on the high veldt; and our great chief has called for all the guns." N'Jova spoke almost apologetically. He had no wish to offend the stranger whose presence had secured two record harvests for the village.

Ginger McKay was fully awake in an instant. A nigger, a confounded old savage with a dirty goatskin round his loins, was asking him, a white man, for a gun with which to shoot other white men. The calm insolence of the thing, the implied denial of his colour, stung him like a whip, clearing his mind suddenly of the mists which had obscured it ever since that fatal day in the canteen at Barberton. But despite his wrath, he did not lose control of himself. A glance showed him that, though N'Jova had come forward alone, a dozen of the younger men were clustered in the background. If he hesitated, they would certainly rush the hut, and secure the Martini without more formality, so he scrambled to his feet with a queer sort of smile on his face. There was only one course open to him as a white man, and he was going to take it.

"Do you want the cartridges too? There are only three left," he asked very quietly.

N'Jova nodded. "Yes, but there will be many more when they have killed the police at M'Bouka's"—the white man was mad; it did not matter telling him.

Ginger McKay went into the hut, and came out a minute later with two cartridges in the pocket of his tattered shirt, and with the rifle in his hand, loaded. His face was a little white under the grime and tan.

It was the young men who were going to do the killing, so he merely caught N'Jova a smashing blow on the jaw, and shot the foremost of the group between the eyes. The others dashed for cover as he jerked out the empty case; but still he just had time to put the second bullet through the heart of N'Jova's eldest son.

"Two," he shouted gleefully, as he reloaded, with his last cartridge; but there was no one in sight, except N'Jova; so he walked into the main circle of huts, where the big rock was, and waited.

Suddenly, the muzzle of a Tower musket was thrust between the poles of one of the huts, and a hammered iron slug grazed his leg; a moment later, an assegai from the cattle kraal whizzed past his head.

He swore a little. "I can't make dead sure of another, but I mustn't risk waiting," then he blazed his last shot into the hut whence the slug had come, and after that gripped his rifle by the barrel, and, with one terrific blow on the rock, reduced it to a twisted piece of scrap-iron. As he straightened himself up, a bullet from a different hut caught him where the spine and neck join.

"He was mad," N'Jova mumbled as he looked down at the body. "Who but a madman would have done that when he knew we should not touch him? Now he is dead, and three more, for his last bullet slew M'Bulerwa, the messenger."

But old Chivamba shook his head. "Once he was mad indeed, but not at the last. He was a mighty warrior, like all the white men. They will eat us up if we fight them."

THE END.

COLT COMFORT!



LITTLE BINKS (*slapping casual acquaintance on the back*): You take life easily, my friend.  
DICK DEADEYE (*whipping round with his "gun" suddenly*): I reckon so, stranger—and often.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



## THE TRUTH ABOUT WHISKERS.

By FRANK RICHARDSON.

CASUALLY, the other day, whilst reading Webster's "Vocabulary of Common English Christian Names, with their Derivations, Significations and Diminutives, or Nicknames and their Equivalents"—an occupation which I often pursue in the hope of earning a well-earned rest in the watches of the night—I chanced upon a discovery—a discovery of vital importance even to me (who am, I think I may say without undue vanity, the world's greatest whisker-expert); I read these words and these words only: "Algernon (Al-ger-non). with whiskers."

I believe that the most celebrated Algernon of our day—Mr. Algernon Ashton—is a completely unwhiskered man.

I have mentally gone through the list of Algernons with whom I am acquainted—and, strangely enough, there is a great dearth of Algernons in this country—without being able to recall to my mind a single bewhiskered gentleman of that name.

My researches into the great Whisker Question have never caused me to suspect that "Algernon" had any such sinister suggestion of facial malformation as was suggested in the dictionary.

Many of us are ignorant of the translations of our names into foreign languages. In Spain, for instance, which I am in the habit of constantly visiting, it was only lately that I discovered that I really was Francisco Hijo di Ricardo, which is, being interpreted, "Frank the son of Richard." That's all right. I don't mind it a bit; but supposing I were suddenly to find out that in Assyria Frank Richardson really meant "the oyster with the Ahasuerus beard," how then? What should a gentleman do?

I obviously have no beard, and there are no postcards in existence on which my portrait appears with ear-guards; and you must take it from me that I would sooner be dead and brightening up the tomb than be what the Americans call (I don't know for what reason) "a beaver." Let us take the ideal Algernon. If he acts up to his name, he must wear whiskers throughout his life. Yet few whiskerites are faithful to their names at their very christening.

In the old days, the *Strand Magazine* published photographs of "Celebrities from Infancy to Old Age." You there often saw a man at the age of twenty-one with a striking set of let-us-prays. Indeed, I remember, when up at Christ Church, in our pavilion in the cricket-field, I saw faded photographs of many departed cricketers, who had wielded bat and ball, bewhiskered to an almost incredible extent. In our day I am sure that these whiskers have faded into oblivion. But the *Strand* "Cricketing Celebrities" to a man used ear-muffs, let-us-prays, ear-guards, or weather-cocks, as the case may be. And do they play better or worse cricket for that? I wonder.

Still, in no volumes of cricket-reports that I am familiar with—and now that I come to think of it, I am not familiar with any volume of cricket-reports—have I seen a statement to the effect that any batsman has been given out "whisker-before-wicket"; yet there existed some years ago a famous cricketer, a man known by the name of Cock Robin, who cultivated his face-fungus to such an extent that, before bowling, it was his practice to tie his natural ivy behind his head.

I have not played cricket for many years, yet I am quite sure that Cock Robin's neck-wear would have put me absolutely off my stroke.

But to return to Algernon, I have found out that he came over to England with the Conqueror; Algernon, I have discovered, was the first of the Percies.

He came over with William the Conqueror—who was so styled in contrast to the present Kaiser William the Great of Germany—as an engine of war: just as the Chinese sought to alarm their enemies, just so did William of Normandy hope to drive the frightened Britons, white beneath their goad, to the shelter of the woods and forests—flying before whisker.

Imagine the first Briton, no matter how ancient, beholding the first Algernon between the first set of ear-guards ever seen in Merrie England! Who knows whether he fell upon his spear or sought oblivion in lonely marsh?

What a subject for a great painter! Alas, W. P. Frith no longer wields the brush.

What a subject for a great poem! Why is the tinkling muse of Alfred Austin silent on this matter?

Strangest of all, though I am now preparing the life and letters of Algernon Ashton—the greatest correspondent of our time—in ten volumes (if I find that quantity sufficient), I have come across no record of his having been at any time a whiskerite.

Algernon must look to it; he must live up to the tragic meaning of his prénom. Think of the intense surprise of anyone who, never having previously had the pleasure of seeing Algernon, was suddenly introduced to a clean-shaven man; he would hesitate to believe that he was in the presence of our leading man of letters, or manufacturers of "Tatcho," such as Mr. George R. Sims.

Many actors have played parts named Algernon, but I cannot recall a single one clapping whiskers on his face to do so. You cannot conceive a sufferer from whiskeritis being called Algy; the

slightest suggestion of face-fins would destroy that delusion.

Mr. Holman Clark, since he played Cassius with the O.U.D.S. at Oxford, has never to my knowledge played a part unwhiskered. But then Mr. Holman Clark, excellent actor though he be, is, I am sure, incapable of giving a life-like representation of anybody called Algernon. However, I will ask him.

Although, just as I myself am recognised as the greatest literary expert in whiskerature, so he is known to every theatrical manager, and, I should say, to the whole public, as the leading exponent of whiskerism.

At any rate, the thing is worth trying. Let Mr. Frohman present

MR. HOLMAN CLARK

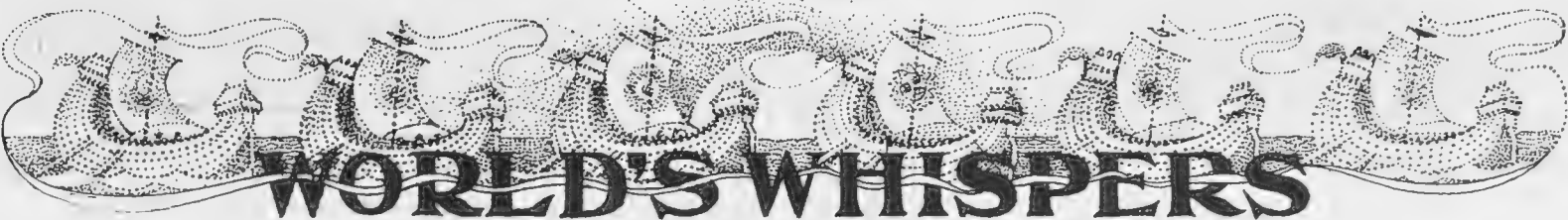
IN

"THE MAN WITH THE SINGLE WHISKER."

I can promise him one admirer, and—if I am engaged by that time—no less than two. But . . . if Lucy—for Lucy is my sweet one's name—will not attend the performance, the affair is off. I shall not marry Lucy.



SOMEBODY'S SWEETHEART  
(A FOREST IDYLL).



PRINCESS ELEONORA BRANCACCIO, who has just set to music "Francesca da Rimini" by D'Annunzio—that spoilt child!—is the wife of Prince Massimo, who has the happiness of tracing his descent, not from the comparatively recent and middle-class Middle Ages, but from the Fabius Maximus of the Ancient Roman history-books. The Massimo Palace, one of Rome's greatest, is the centre of an annual religious festival to which thousands of citizens flock. The Princess's opera is, however, to be performed at the Opera House, with Mascagni for conductor.

*A Question of Costume.* It is Miss Ethel Smyth, of course, who has set the example to the Princess of composing. And now there is another masculine monopoly that she is to break down, so that no woman need seek the services of a Mascagni and his bâton. At the Liverpool Musical Festival last week Miss Smyth, as is her custom, conducted her own compositions—but with a difference. It was observed that she had relaxed her stern habit in the matter of costume, and wore, instead of the tweeds in which Sargent has drawn, and the King has saluted her, a charming kimono of bright blue. With its appearance



NEW PRESIDENT OF THE O.P. CLUB: MR. A. E. W. MASON, M.P.  
*Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*

Mr. Percy Pitt and his fellows may consider that they cannot for long hold undisputed sway at Covent Garden. The news of that kimono already makes us dread long evenings spent with the back view of a dress-suit, and two moving sleeves with cuffs sawing at frantic wrists at the conductor's desk.

*A Retiring Admiral.* If Lord Walter Kerr's retirement from the Royal Navy meant retirement from the world he would know very well where to turn for a retreat. Half a mile from Assisi, in Italy, is the Convent and Church of San Damiano. St. Francis himself had to do with its erection, for it was when St. Clara came to him, in the early part of the thirteenth century, that he helped her to establish the order of Clarissines on the spot which now belongs not to any formally canonised saints, but to Lord Walter Kerr. The buildings and estate came to him at the death of Lord Ripon, the terms of whose will, by an odd chance, were published on the very day Lord Walter's retirement was announced.

*A Tale of Wonders.* To wear a mitre and to take a gun-boat into action are experiences that do not often fall to the lot of one man. We do not

suggest that Bishop Brindle went through the Nile Expedition with anything more militant than a white helmet on his head, but go through it he did, and many other expeditions besides. He has been five times mentioned in despatches, and was the first Army Chaplain to receive the D.S.O. He has now added to his adventures, spiritual and temporal, by a pilgrimage to Lourdes—where he reports (but not to the War Office) he witnessed two miracles. Bishop Brindle has served Alfonso as well as his own royal family, for it was he who reconciled Queen Victoria Eugenia of Spain to her husband's faith.



GUARDIAN OF DR. COOK'S SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS: MR. HARRY WHITNEY.

Mr. Harry Whitney, in whose charge Dr. Cook left his scientific instruments which he had with him on his Polar Expedition, is one of the most interesting figures in the Cook-Pearry controversy, as the proof of Dr. Cook's claim depends so much on whether these instruments are found to be accurate. An amusing rumour comes from America that Mr. Whitney, being unaware of the importance of bringing the actual instruments used by Dr. Cook, thought when he left with Peary that it would be easier to buy a fresh set in New York than to make a 100-mile journey to Etah to fetch the old ones.

*The Onslow Tandem.*

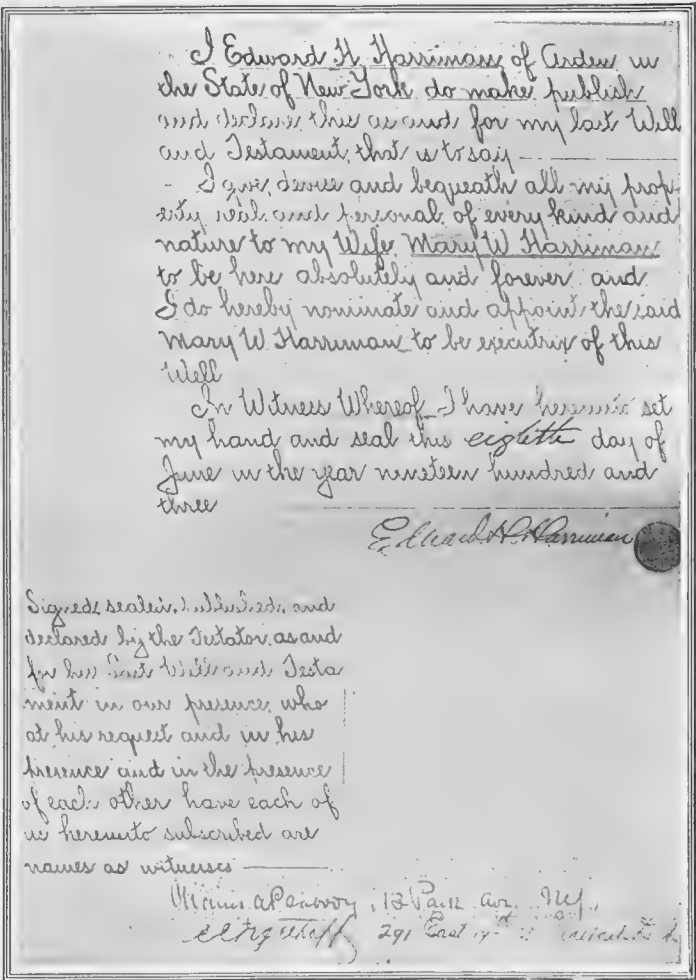
The common application of the title of "Lady" to anybody from a Marchioness to a Knight's wife is conceded for the sake of brevity and ease. The formality of the stricter style is not seldom out of place; but, on the other hand, the closing-up of the ranks in the Press often leads to confusion. Thus Lady Onslow, the wife of the Earl of Onslow, is not sorry to have it known that she is not the Lady Onslow who has been publicly speaking in the cause of Women's Suffrage. It is a case in which a number of congratulations and scoldings go astray. The lady who has been provoking some and



NEW PRESIDENT OF THE PLAYGOERS' CLUB: MR. MARSHALL HALL, K.C.  
*Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*

pleasing others of her friends is Lady Onslow, the widow of Sir Alexander Campbell Onslow. It is true that the sporting Lord Onslow of Beau Brummell's day was known as Tom Tandem, but it does not follow that two ladies of the same name must necessarily merge their identity and run in line together.

*New Style at the Turnstile.* Mr. Francis Howard, a young man who has served under Buffalo Bill, has traced his descent from George Washington, and done other remarkable things, now figures as the valiant worker in the interests of the National Loan Collection. Apropos, a great assembly of old masters and modern maidens—and others—meets at the Grafton Galleries to-day, when Mr. Lewis Harcourt performs the opening ceremony. The private view is a popular function, and Mr. Francis Howard, by charging half-a-guinea at the doors, is following the wisest, inasmuch as it is the most profitable, course. Any rogue or vagabond—or, indeed, the best-abused Duke—can pass the Galleries' turnstiles on making this modest dole to the National Gallery Fund. We will not swear that Mr. Howard has no free list; but, in the public interest, we may hope that "paper" will not predominate to-day at the Grafton.



THE WILL THAT DECIDED THE FATE OF £20,000,000: THE LAST TESTAMENT OF THE LATE EDWARD H. HARRIMAN. It is said that Mrs. Harriman has inherited under this will a sum of £20,000,000. This makes her the richest woman in the world.





# KEY-NOTES



## Dr. Henry Coward's Resignation.

Musicians all England over will be sorry to hear that Dr. Henry Coward will no longer act as chorus-master of the Sheffield Musical Festival. He has done so much for Yorkshire music, and Yorkshiremen have travelled so far to give other parts of Great Britain and the Empire a taste of their quality, that his reputation has spread far and near. The chorus-trainer is born, not made, and the gifts that make for success are granted to very few. Oddly enough, Dr. Coward, who possesses them all in a marked degree, had reached middle age before he discovered his vocation. First a business man and then a schoolmaster, he was nearer forty than thirty when he took to music as a profession. To-day he can claim to have presided over more than half-a-million singers and players, if we do not trouble to remember that many thousands have come under his direction over and over again. Dr. Coward's fame is not one of the home-made products that will not face exportation. His reputation is great upon the Continent, and few conductors or musicians of repute who happen to be in England when Dr. Coward is conducting at Sheffield lose the chance of paying a visit to that city. Dr. Coward's successor must needs be a man of more than ordinary attainments to do justice to the splendid musical organisation that has lost its much-admired director.



THE COMPOSER OF "THE DOLLAR PRINCESS";  
MR. LEO FALL.

It is expected that the music of "The Dollar Princess" will rival in popularity that of "The Merry Widow."—[Photograph by Bolak.]

## The Philharmonic Programme.

The ninety-eighth season of the Philharmonic Society will open in November, and for the seven concerts—to be given between Nov. 11, 1909, and May 19, 1910—seven conductors have been engaged. They are: Sir Edward Elgar, Herr Bruno Walter, Mr. Landon Ronald, Sir Hubert Parry, Signor Mancinelli, Mr. Thomas Beecham, and Nikisch. Here we see a very marked departure from the old conventions of the Philharmonic Society, and one that is bound to stimulate public interest. The pianists engaged include Godowsky, Sauer, and Sapellnikoff; and the vocalists Elena Gerhardt, Alice Verlet, and Kirkby Lunn. The Society is making a point of giving prominence to British compositions, and will perform work by Messrs. W. H. Bell, B. J. Dale, Frederick Delius, Elgar, Joseph Holbrooke, Parry, Landon Ronald, William Wallace, and Miss Ethel Smyth. With a programme as catholic as this the Philharmonic Society should make enough claim upon members and upon the general public to obviate all need for a call upon the guarantors.

## A New Singer.

Miss Maggie Teyte, whose first vocal recital in London was announced for yesterday (Oct. 5), is a young singer of whom a great deal is expected. Some years ago, the quality of her voice was discovered by friends, who sent her abroad for a long course of study under the best masters. In Paris she made rapid progress, doing so well

that the directors of the Opéra Comique gave her an engagement, and she has been singing there very successfully. One of Miss Teyte's most interesting rôles is that of Mélisande in Debussy's much-discussed opera.

## At Queen's Hall.

The Promenade Concerts continue to attract large audiences and to present interesting novelties from time to time. Among the new works that have made a very favourable impression, reference may be made to two "Sea-Pictures for Orchestra," by Mr. Hubert Bath. It is hardly too much to say that the work was greeted with enthusiasm. The themes are attractive without being distinguished, and the scoring is extremely clever—the work of a man who has given long and devoted attention to all the combinations that are effective. On the same evening, the solo part in Paderewski's Polish Fantasia for Piano and Orchestra was played by Miss Christian Carpenter, who did all she could to make the work interesting; if she did not quite succeed, the fault was not hers. The composition is clever, but it is not really capable of holding attention and interest together. Needless to say, this was not the opinion of the audience. Miss Carpenter's spirited playing may not have moved every heart, but assuredly it moved nearly every hand to applaud. There is just one time in the year when the concert-goer takes enthusiasm to bear him company, when everything that has attained to a certain standard of quality pleases. The period starts in August and ends in October, the season of the Promenade Concerts. A suite called "Svanevit,"

by Sibelius, was one of last week's novelties. It is made up of seven pieces, lightly and gracefully written, but without the power of standing alone that makes certain music endure divorce from the work with which it was originally associated. Edward German's dances from the incidental music to "Henry VIII.," Tchaikovsky's "Casse - Noisette" suite are good examples of the stage music that can stand without assistance; but "Svanevit" exhibits no such capacity, and for all that it is interesting and delicate, the music does not advance any special claim to recognition.

## At Albert Hall.

The Sunday Concert season has opened at the Albert Hall, and Kensington will be supplied with good orchestral music every Sunday afternoon until another summer comes round. For the first concert of the season Mlle. Alice Verlet, who gave a series of interesting recitals last season, was the bright particular star. The New Symphony Orchestra, directed by Mr. Landon Ronald, has replaced the London Symphony Orchestra, which will go to Covent Garden on Sunday evenings later in the month. On Sunday afternoon next, Mr. Henry Wood conducts the first of the season's Sunday concerts at Queen's Hall. Neither programme advertised any distinct novelty.



"MATURE ARTIST, NOT WONDER CHILD": FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD EDDY BROWN, WHO MADE HIS LONDON DÉBUT AS A VIOLINIST LAST SUNDAY.

It has been claimed for Eddy Brown—who, it was arranged, should make his début on Sunday—that he is not a wonder child, but a mature artist. Master Eddy was born in Chicago. His father is of Austrian extraction. At the age of four he was given a violin, and began to take lessons from his father.—[Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.]

COMMON CHORD.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**The Use of Gaiety.** A French Neosophist—whatever that may be—has discovered the true use of gaiety. It is not so much that beer and skittles have, as we suppose, a cheering effect on our mental outlook, but that pleasurable emotions actually augment our muscular energy. This, says M. Jules Fiaux, the author of "Vers la Santé et la Pleine Vie," has been proved by dynamometrical experiments. The "spectacle of pain," on the contrary, diminishes our vital powers, though we have the classic case of Bob Sawyer to prove that the most horrifying sights can be endured, by some natures, with cheerful optimism. I fancy it entirely depends upon the kind of painful spectacle. A fish on a hook, a wounded bird or beast, a mauled fox do not diminish the muscular energy of sportsmen and sportswomen; on the contrary, these things add to the sense of triumph, the exuberant feeling of life which is the explanation and apology for an existence devoted to the chase. Yet some of us would prefer to renew our muscular energy with less pain to our unarmed fellow-creatures, and if gaiety will do it, let us all foot it on the green, throw up our caps, and put no taxes either on cakes or ale. One of the newest remedies for melancholia is to place a mattress on the floor, to lie on it at full-length, and to "kick like a baby." If you can manage to laugh (which should not be difficult) during this proceeding, your cure will be complete.

**Tommy.** Mr. Atkins is being rehabilitated, and after the amusing but uncomplimentary pictures of him by Rudyard Kipling, we have the extraordinary encomiums of Mr. Robert Blatchford. It is, however, not generally known that the wives of officers have taken no small part in the apotheosis of Tommy. So much has been done for him the last few years on the social side, so high a standard of behaviour has been set, that the soldier-man is nowadays infinitely superior in many ways to his civilian contemporary. I know more than one wife of a commanding officer—one was commanding a district—who encouraged girls to set a high value on the rank and file, and would not allow for a moment that it was derogatory to "keep company" with a soldier. The result was that all the men in her district were models of sobriety and gallant behaviour, for Man, naturally enough, is chiefly what Woman expects him to be. Marriage was encouraged when it was possible, and Tommy was made to feel that he had not foregone all the pleasures and privileges of civilian life by having "gone for a soldier." If this spirit is fostered, we might end by having an army superior in *morale* to any on the Continent. In short, a field-marshal's bâton may easily be concealed about the person of some one of those diminutive scouts who haunt our valleys and uplands, and who will inevitably become Tommies in due time.

**Girl Orators.**

The girls of to-day have proved themselves political speakers of no mean calibre, and the Unionists are hastening to secure as many as they can for the coming campaign. They are to be trained specially in the delicate and difficult art of answering "hecklers," which is the one department of public speaking in which inexperienced girls are apt to fail. In home life, however, it is notorious that Woman not only always has an answer ready, but is generally meticulous about having the last word in a discussion, so that a very superficial course of training in street-corner argument will send the young electioneers out handsomely equipped for the fray. There is, moreover, a physical reason why women make better speakers than men, and that is the superior construction of the larynx. A woman can give forth a torrent of eloquence which would lay low an ordinary man. She can speak literally for hours without experiencing undue fatigue, so that undoubtedly the General Election will turn largely on the efforts of workers from the spindle side. There are cynics who maintain that there is everything to gain by this new career thrown open to women, seeing that the rhetoric which is now employed on the household will flow, instead, in the parks and on platforms, to the relief of private individuals and the political instruction of the public.

**The Amazing Amazons.**

Another generation or two will no doubt see a race of women taller, and probably quite as muscularly strong, as their brothers. Open air, sports and games, rational dress, and the consumption of good sweetmeats are all said to be the cause of the portentous size of our growing maidens; and that the children of these girls will, in due time, be taller and stronger still there seems little reason to doubt. Quite recently a young French prisoner in petticoats, in order to prove that she was a professional wrestler, seized and laid low the police magistrate who was cross-examining her, much to the fright and horror of the man of law. If women grow as physically strong as men, what becomes

of the "might is right" argument which is always being placed before the advocates of woman's legal emancipation? I know an advanced young thinker who declares that his seventeen-year-old sister (who is passing fair and has amazing biceps) is quite as fit to serve in the Territorials as he is himself. So, in the by-and-by, we may yet come to raising corps of Amazons to defend these shores, for the days of the weak woman are numbered, and we shall no longer breed interesting invalids or encourage a low physical standard among girls any more than among boys.



A SMART AFTERNOON DRESS IN MULBERRY-COLOURED CLOTH.  
(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

[Copyright.]



## THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN.

**Bad Old Days.** Lord Burnham, in a little speech to the delegates of the International Press Conference, said that "the sun rose every day on a better world." It is pleasant to feel in complete accordance with so optimistic a sentiment. Lady Cardigan's Recollections, which, she says, are true, let in some light on what were known as the good old days. The three-bottle men of the period are now reduced to lithia undiluted and a prescribed diet, while those whose ancestors were, from choice or necessity, more abstemious, are nowadays moderate in all things, from a common-sense point of view. Newspapers in the bad old days were not as they are now, a constant threat to private ill-doers. Their sources of information are now so many and their fearlessness so complete that it is wise to include them in the regeneration scheme which seems to be quietly, slowly, and surely working out. Women of to-day talk less scandal than they did when their lives were less interesting. I am told that drink and drugs are the worst present-day evils of my own sex, and that they are on the increase. Personally, I do not believe it; what I do believe is that when it is the too sad truth, it becomes public property, while in the bad old days it was the skeleton in many a family cupboard.

**The Chignon.** The definition of chignon given by Nuttall is "a padded mass of hair worn by ladies on the back of the head." I do not think we shall come to that again, but there is undoubtedly a tendency to dress the hair over the back of the head, and very picturesque it looks—far more becoming than the masses of fluffed-out hair all round the head. It is partly classical and partly of the First Empire, when the styles were borrowed largely from the Greek. The front hair will be waved or curled, while at the back tresses will be brushed smooth over a portion fluffed out, or, as hairdressers call it, combed back. Hats will be smaller, and possessors of pretty napes to their necks will score.

**Buttons and Braid.** An important part in the decoration of our autumn coats and skirts is played by buttons and braid. Again, I find a dictionary definition inadequate for up-to-date buttons. They are not knobs or small balls, but take all kinds of shapes—egg and oblong and triangular and square and diamond; the less like a knob or small ball they are the more are they up to date. Flat buttons are also much in evidence. Braiding is most elaborate, and bursts out on coats in all sorts of unexpected places; skirts are also elaborately braided. There are, of course, plain, tailor-built coats and skirts. I much admire that of black-and-white check tweed worn by Miss Fanny Brough in "The Whip."

**Cocks' Feathers.** I am so glad to see the plumes of our good friend chanticleer adorning the hats on the heads of some of our smartest ladies. Lady Dorothy Onslow had them in her hat at her sister's wedding, and how they did change colour and glisten in the sun. The Duchess of Hamilton had them in her chapeau at Miss Brocklehurst's wedding. There wasn't any sun for them to shine blue and green and gold in, but they did their best in the electric-light. They have a gallant air about them, are pretty and graceful, and don't spoil. The value of this last good quality will be particularly apparent this swimmy autumn, when the only game we can look forward to with certainty is water-polo, and our various assortment of rainproof coats is always on duty.

**Draped Cloth.** On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of a graceful and smart afternoon dress. It is of slightly draped mulberry-coloured cloth. The skirt and bodice are all in one, and the bodice part is trimmed with

braid a little bit darker in colour. The neckband and chemisette are of tuck net, and the long, tight sleeves are finished with buttons covered with the cloth.

To London, to settle somewhere in the region of Hyde Park, are coming Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Gross. He is a young American who found himself drawn to and quartered on this side of the Atlantic even before he met the lady who, up till ten days ago,

was known as Simone Bernhardt. And in the very week of the wedding Sarah had been spied in the stalls, this time at a

Paris theatre, looking no more than thirty. But at the marriage ceremony, which took place at Versailles, Sarah managed to appear considerably older than the bride, for who shall deny so great an actress the power of looking her part? That day she was cast for the grandmother of a marriageable girl! And there is no need to say that she was supreme.

During the recent International Medical Congress at Budapest, visits were paid to the "Apenta" springs, where the process of raising the bitter waters was shown. The visitors were especially impressed with the scrupulous cleanliness that prevails throughout and the fact that the water does not come into contact with the hands of the workers. Nevertheless, medical surveillance is exercised, so that only healthy persons shall be employed on the premises.

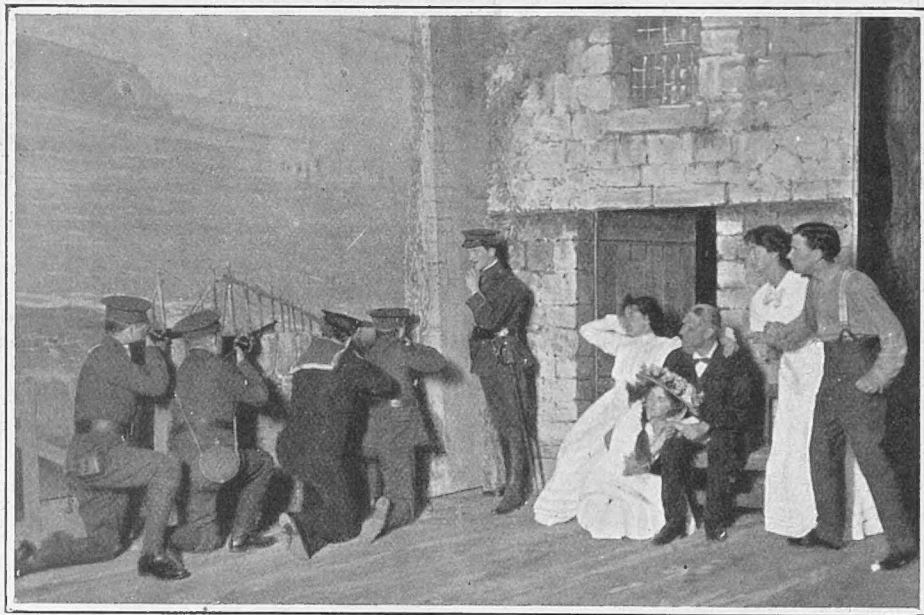
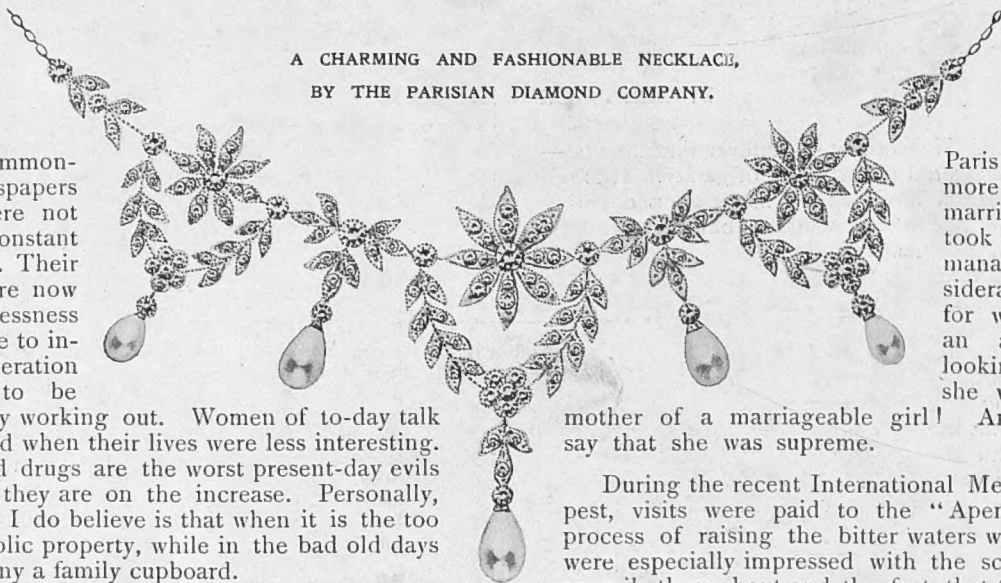
The Stratford-on-Avon Mop Fair, which takes place next Tuesday (the 12th), has been held annually for ages, and carries one back in memory to Shakespeare's time most forcibly as regards the ancient customs of the people. Visitors will still see the Old English shows and attractions which the itinerant showmen offer. Very few of these fairs now remain, and there is no knowing for how many years Stratford will hold its yearly carnival. On Oct. 12 the Great Central Railway Company are issuing cheap tickets from Marylebone by the 8.45 a.m. and 10 a.m. trains for 6s. 6d., and also a half-day excursion, leaving Marylebone at 12.5 p.m., at a fare of 4s.

In the Midland Railway Company's revised autumn and winter train services the principal alterations of public interest are the discontinuance of the night Highland express, leaving St. Pancras at 7.10 p.m., and the institution of a new sleeping-car express, leaving St. Pancras at 8.15 p.m. (Saturdays excepted), for Carlisle and Stranraer in connection with the steamer to Larne for the North of Ireland. The steamer from Belfast for Heysham will leave at 10.15 p.m. daily (Sundays excepted), instead of 9 p.m., and on Saturdays at 11.30 p.m. Tickets are now inter-available over the Midland, Lancashire and Yorkshire, and London and North Western Railways.

Furs are now coming into season, and this fact lends particular interest to a beautifully illustrated catalogue just issued by the International Fur Store, of 163-165, Regent

Street, London, W. It contains twenty-eight exquisite photographs of fair ladies wearing various kinds of furs, including mink, ermine, sealskin, sable, chinchilla, seal, musquash, moleskin, Persian broadtail, caracul, beaver, pony-skin (for motor-coats), bear-skin, pekan, silver, black, and sitka fox; squirrel, skunk, and marten. These furs are shown made up into all kinds of garments, including coats, stoles, pelerines, muffs, gloves, and ties. The series forms quite a gallery of beauty, and there is also a portrait of a gentleman in a fur-lined overcoat—an article which, by the way, ranges in price from £10 to £700. The company likewise supplies carriage-rugs and hearthrugs.

A CHARMING AND FASHIONABLE NECKLACE,  
BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.



ANOTHER PATRIOTIC PLAY: A SCENE FROM "A NATION IN ARMS."

"A Nation in Arms" was produced the other day most successfully, and bids fair to provide "An Englishman's Home" with a powerful rival. It is the work of Mr. B. S. Townroe. Of the act here illustrated, which shows a corner of a farm defended by Territorials, Lord Roberts has said: "I can confidently assert that the play presents no exaggerated picture." As the author is a Territorial officer, the Territorials are in no way caricatured.



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 12.*

## THE ASCENT OF AMERICANS.

ONLY dear money will stop a further upward career in American Rails, and it must be admitted that money may turn out to be rather a tough nut for the bulls to crack. It has been shown conclusively enough that the death of Mr. E. H. Harriman is not going to be permitted to interfere with the magnates' arrangements for keeping prices up, in preparation for the new issues that are certain to be made throughout the coming winter. Evidently the market has a hidden store of resiliency that the bears never reckoned upon when they laid their plans for scooping in the profits after poor Harriman's decease. It is artificial, to a great extent, this rise, and of course the reiterated demand goes up—how long can the wirepullers keep this thing going? Our own reply would be that they can run the market on a bullish tack for just as long as it pleases them—always provided that the exigencies of Money do not provide the tight corner in which the bears so ardently desire to see their adversaries. It seems absurd, on the face of it, that Erie Common should be anywhere near 35, while the First Preference are only fifteen points higher. Yet Little Erie will go better with the rest of the market, while Canadas have excellent prospects of crossing the 200 line before Christmas.

## HOME INVESTMENTS.

"You can tell that the Radicals will get in again," said a broker to his client a day or two ago, "from the price of Consols and Home Rails. If the Tories were going to win, we should have Home investments blazing." Now, although we don't altogether agree with the honest broker, there is no doubt that the fear of a new Parliament in which the present office-holders may command a majority is a very potent factor in the absolute stagnation of the market for the best Home securities.

The last Bank Return points to a rise in the rate before long, and 4 per cent. is not improbable towards the end of the year. If this is the worst there is little need to be alarmed, for a 4 per cent. working rate will not seriously inconvenience anyone, except, perhaps, the bulls of gilt-edged stocks, if there are any. For the present it is Africa, South America, Borneo—anywhere, in fact, but the United Kingdom—that both speculators and investors are interested in, and until we know the outcome of the coming Election there does not seem much reason for a change of fashion.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

Regarded soberly, and without party bias, the political situation seems to be largely in favour of the Radicals returning to power if a General Election should take place shortly. Take the lists of constituencies and run your finger down the list of Radical majorities—and also the Unionist majorities—last time. Make an extremely liberal allowance for swing of the pendulum, triangular contests, and all that kind of thing, and, whatever your complexion of politics, you will conclude the task with the feeling that for the Unionists to get back will take a tremendous lot of doing.

Of course, the present Government majority will be largely reduced: there is no doubt whatever on that score. This might—and probably would—necessitate a shuffling of the cards in the Cabinet, and the new Administration could be trusted to emerge a more workable, practical, and businesslike body than the present one, which has attempted far more than any Government could hope to carry out, and whose sound benefits to the country are obscured in great degree by the folly of "biting off more than it can chew."

I am not one of those who tear their hair and beat their breast at the mere prospect of another Liberal Government. You hear men in the House say, "And then we shall be worse off than ever!" and "Those blighters will stop at nothing if they are returned," and "What the country's coming to, I don't know!" Such talk is all rather silly, surely, because obviously the country isn't going to the devil, the Stock Exchange is by no means at a standstill, and while one meets the usual number of grumblers about business, the Board of Trade Returns are not at all bad.

The lugubrious prophecies as to Consols dropping to the neighbourhood of 80 will be fulfilled, whatever Government happens to be in power. I don't believe—personally, and purely by the way—that the House of Lords will throw out the Budget after all.

Let us discuss more pleasant topics. The rise in Rubber shares, for instance, or in Pekins, or Steels, or Jungles. To take the last first.

Big people in the market say consistently that Gold Coast Amalgamated are, without a doubt, the pick of the bunch. I only hope that *Sketch* readers acted upon the suggestions given many times in the columns of their favourite paper, and made quite good profits out of "Amals." The people behind the concern are convinced that the rise isn't nearly over yet, and I hear the price talked to levels that sound perilously fanciful. But that it will go to 5, at any rate, seems reasonably sure, provided nothing untoward occurs to upset the jungle apple-cart all in a hurry. Then there are Abontiakoons, and Wassaus, and Wassaw West—all good gambling counters. Not much use just buying them to contango. A little slump might come and out you'd jump in very fright, whereas had you got them in the box, it would not worry you.

Funny, wasn't it, to notice how annoyed some of the newspapers were about that spurt in Wallis Syndicate shares? Funnier still was it that the annoyance all seemed to emanate from one particular quarter, to radiate through different papers. One could not resist smiling at the quaint exhibition of petulance. As a matter of fact, the Wallis Syndicate is a little affair, more or less private, to a few people in the Stock Exchange. The idea was to examine the property and, if it proved of any value, to turn it over to a larger Company to work. There are any number of small syndicates of the kind started—and often finished—in the Stock Exchange. Sheer gambles, men put a little money in, and the thing more often than not turns out worthless. The Wallis Syndicate reports are extremely good, and up has gone the price of the shares. Not much to make a fuss about, is it?

The extraordinary way in which Paris has bought Pekin and Shansi—more especially Shansi—shares was far more wonderful. It is a dangerous game to touch them now, although, when a big rise is in progress, the feeling is that it will go on for ever. It looks a risky game now. So, too, does the British North Borneo business. Perhaps one has a kind of sentimental love for Borneos. The shares were here pointed out for their attractions years ago; pictures of the estates were given, careful consideration of their properties was chronicled. And now, after many days, "the ship has come home" and the price represents more adequately the value of the concern as a whole. The public are buying—or have been buying—with eagerness, and although insiders lavishly supplied the market with shares, those shares were taken readily. I think they will go still better—on the Rubber rise, of course.

Not yet is there any indication of a crack in the firmness of the Rubber market. Those who take time by the forelock profess some uncertainty as to what may happen in the early part of next year, when the supplies—unless artificially held back—will be sufficient to spoil the prices, and meet all the demands.

When you come to think of it, the game is not a bad one. Get hold of some article—say rubber—and run the price up by taking the small supplies that come to Market. Meanwhile, get your printing-presses to work, and turn out rubber companies at the rate of so many a day, whacking up prices of a few shares in the Market at the same time. Surprising what a lot of money can be made out of such a comparatively simple game, especially when Dame Nature and a few other incidentally useful forces fight on your own side.

You remember I told you to buy Brazil Railway shares? They have risen over 53 now, and will probably be 60 before Christmas. This is a simple, unadulterated gamble.

And another is Dominion Iron shares; and still another, more of a gamble than either, is Bahia Light and Power. They will all go better, but let me haste to say they are no fit subjects for the widow or the orphan to dabble in. One great advantage they possess over Consols. They pay no dividends. Wherefore you don't get mulcted in income-tax. This is an argument that should go straight to the hearts of all who share the sentiments—as regards this particular tax—of the

Saturday, Oct. 2, 1909.

HOUSE HAUNTER.

## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEXICAN.—The Securities Company is only taking power to sell, and merely wishes to be in a position to realise when they think full value has been reached. We look upon the stock as a very good lock-up for higher prices.

MINES.—The meeting will probably be held in November. The General Motor-Cab accounts should be ready now, made up to July 31 last.

BALLYNA.—See answer to "Mines" as to date of meeting. The Company is doing well, and the diamond-drill bore-holes are proving the deep ground to be valuable.

SYNTAX.—The market does not like the Company's financial methods. There has been too much financing of ventures which will take years to pay. At present price the Debentures are a good speculative investment.

VIGILANT.—We prefer your shares in the order named—Knights Central, City Deep, Randfontein, Brakpan.

E. R.—The Rio Claro Railway shares are a first-class investment. The Railway has been sold, and the dividends are paid from the investment of the purchase price. Hold Canadian Pacifics; but as to the Gun Company, it is certainly speculative.

CUPRUM.—The price of nitrate is so bad, and not inclined to improve for some time, that dividends are unlikely at present; but if the shares were our own, we should hold. We have no faith in the Copper mine. Price about 7s. 8d.

We have received a copy of the second edition of that excellent little book, "Dividend-Payers of South and West Africa," published by Oliver and Partners, Ltd., the well-known outside brokers of St. James's Street. We reviewed and expressed our appreciation of the little book when, some months ago, the first edition made its appearance, but events in mining move so fast that even the best book requires continual revision to keep it up to date, and this is what Messrs. Oliver and Partners have done in the present case. The compilation is a most useful one, and, sold at the small price of 1s. 6d. net, it should be in the hands of everybody who is looking to Africa for mining investments.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Folkestone, Rhyme may win the Dover Handicap and Relish the Romney Handicap. At Leicester, Trite may win the Midland Nursery, The Greek the October Handicap, and Billy Goat the Kegworth Handicap. At Kempton, Hayden may win the Duke of York Stakes, Seaham the Richmond Plate, and Neil Gow the Imperial Produce Stakes; the Kempton Park Nursery may go to Lonawand. At Haydock the October Handicap may be won by Lawn Sand, and the Autumn Handicap by Torch.



## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

**"The Paladin."**

By H. A. VACHELL.  
(Smith Elder.)

The sub-title of "The Paladin,"—"as beheld by a woman of temperament"—indicates the line taken by Mr. Vachell with that magnificent and costly person, Harry Rye. The average woman, you understand, would never discover anything wanting behind the magnificence, the chivalry, the manly dignity of a paladin. A gigantic conspiracy of circumstances combined to pull poor Harry off his pedestal. He cut a splendid figure in the obvious predicament: it was the subtle, feminine mesh that made him lose his balance. Sympathy, we think, will be with Harry, if only because most people are guiltily conscious that the heroic pose is of all postures the most difficult to maintain. This paladin came quite near to keeping it up; he would certainly have retained the consistent appearance of it if Esther Yorke, whose perception was sharpened in adversity, had not fallen out of love with him midway in their mutual adventures. He was handsome, popular, charming, superbly conscious of his ability to do the right thing; but he condescended in his love, and so committed the unforgivable sin. Mr. Vachell is implacable because Harry shilly-shallied at moments of vital issue. Well, the lymphatic temperament of a pure-bred Briton permits him to consider a grave step before he takes it. Harry was "awfully sorry" for himself when Esther Yorke's father died a discreditable bankrupt, and the marriage on the tapis with his daughter became a matter of generosity rather than of worldly wisdom; he continued to be "awfully sorry" when he ought to have been whirling Esther into matrimony without giving either her or himself time for reflection. He had an adoring mother, who naturally thought her Harry, in the altered case, would be well rid of the Yorke connection, and who showed the courage lacking in her son when she tackled Esther in her ruined home. Lady Matilda Rye is a very acute and human study, the best, perhaps, in a book remarkable for its astute delineation of character; and it is impossible not to feel for her when Esther looks as if she were going to be troublesome. Mr. Vachell has no pity for a fine young man called upon to run counter to the maternal wishes and his upbringing. He has no compunction in stripping him of his complacency, and his morality, and all the other trappings of respectability, and showing him to be indeed, in the Carlylean phrase, no more than a forked radish—and a muddled radish at that. "The Paladin" is brilliant. It smites hypocrisy, ingrained

or acquired, hip and thigh: it smites all large and beautiful people who do the right thing from any motive but the right one, and so find themselves in the end doing the wrong thing with the right motive instead—which way, says the moral, lies damnation. Very salutary and engrossing reading, this novel of our own times, and a book to be specially commended to all successful young men and their devoted mothers.

**"Northern Lights."**

By GILBERT PARKER.  
(Methuen.)

"Northern Lights" is a volume of short stories of Canada by Sir Gilbert Parker, and when that is said little more, we think, is needed to commend it to the reader. The familiar hand loses none of its cunning, the eye none of its vision, the tongue of the born story-teller has not forgotten its magic. Open the book where you will, the life of the Far West starts into being before you, sometimes a couple of decades back, before the railway pushed its way through the pine-forests, sometimes in the less romantic twentieth century. All the stories wear the texture of heroic adventure that Sir Gilbert weaves so well. We can imagine no greater refreshment to prisoners of the desk and counter than an evening with "Northern Lights." For an hour or two at least the dingy streets and the drudgery of the City vanish, and instead of them there rises the thunder of the rapids, the sight of snow sparkling in the wilderness, the smoke of Indian lodges on the prairie. It is a country, according to Sir Gilbert Parker, where the girls are fair and the men are brave, and love is stronger than death. Perhaps, even in Western Canada, psychology is a more complicated affair than it would seem to be in these stories, but honour all the same to a man who writes with a clean pen and a fine enthusiasm for the people of a great country.

**"The Scandalous Mr. Waldo."**

By RALPH STRAUS.  
(Heinemann.)

There is nothing scandalous about "The Scandalous Mr. Waldo," unless it is his inability (a student of Mr. Shaw, too!) to realise that it is the woman who marries the man, and even then the big word grossly overloads the situation. He seems to have been a young man who did not want to get married, who had some rather nebulous dealings with several young women, and was married in the end by a girl of much muscle and presence of mind. We are half afraid that Mr. Waldo is not a very interesting person; but as neither he nor Mr. Ralph Straus, his author, seems to have a suspicion of it, it is quite possible that we are mistaken.

# BUCHANAN'S "BLACK & WHITE"

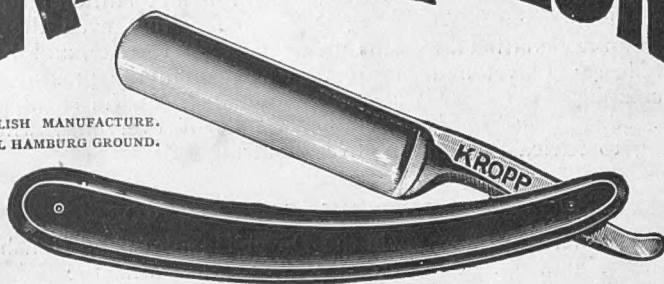
Scotch Whisky

## SHAVING A PLEASURE

All good business men use the KROPP RAZOR, which, being made of the finest Sheffield Steel, always shaves clean in less than half the time of an ordinary razor.  
DO NOT BE PUT OFF WITH SUBSTITUTES.

## KROPP RAZOR

ENGLISH MANUFACTURE.  
REAL HAMBURG GROUND.



Never Requires Grinding.

BLACK HANDLES 5/6.

Always Ready for Use.

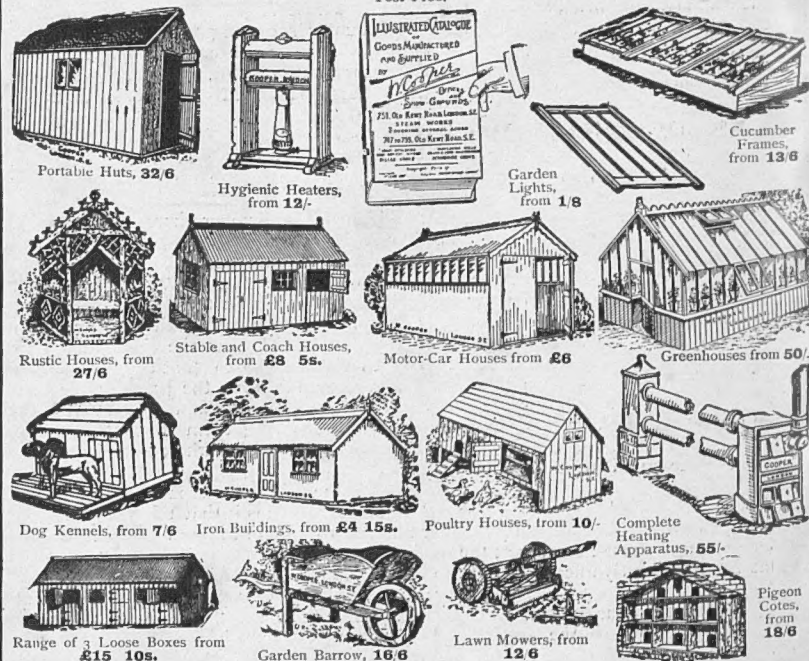
IVORY HANDLES 7/6.

Each Razor in a Case.

WHOLESALE: OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., LONDON, W.

## SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

Containing Hundreds of Illustrations and Specifications of different kinds of Goods. The Biggest Bargain Book ever printed. Beats all Catalogue records for Quantity and Low Prices. Full of many things you want that you cannot buy near home, and multitudes of things of better quality and at lower prices than any other Catalogue or Store offers you. Post Free.



WM. COOPER, Ltd., 761, Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.  
MANUFACTURERS. WORKS COVER FIVE ACRES.